

EVERY ONE HAS HIS FAULT:

A

C O M E D Y,

IN FIVE ACTS.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

BY

MRS. I N C H B A L D. K

THE SIXTH EDITION.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR G. G. AND J. ROBINSON,
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1794.

EVERY ONE HAS HIS FAULT.

COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS.



THE SIXTH EDITION.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY G. C. AND J. COOPER,

STATIONERS' COURT, LONDON.

PROLOGUE.

BY THE REV. R. NARES.

Spoken by Mr. FARRER.

OUR Author, who accuses great and small,
And says so boldly, there are faults in all ;
Sends me with dismal voice and lengthen'd phiz,
Humbly to own one dreadful fault of *his* :
A fault, in modern authors not uncommon,
It is,—now don't be angry—He's—a woman.

Can you forgive it ? Nay, I'll tell you more,
One who has dared to venture here before ;
Has seen your smiles, your frowns,—tremendous fight !
O, be not in the frowning mood to-night !
The Play, perhaps, has many things amiss :
Well, let us then reduce the point to this,
Let only those that have no failings, hiss. }

The Rights of Women, says a female pen,
Are, to do every thing as well as Men.
To think, to argue, to decide, to write,
To talk, undoubtedly—perhaps, to fight.
[For Females march to war, like brave Commanders,
Not in old authors only—but in Flanders.]

I grant this matter may be strain'd too far,
And Maid 'gainst Man is most uncivil war :
I grant, as all my City friends will say,
That Men should rule, and Women should obey :
That nothing binds the marriage contract faster,
Than our—" Zounds, Madam, I'm your Lord and
Master."

I grant their nature, and their frailty such,
Women may make too free—and know too much.
But since the Sex at length has been inclin'd
To cultivate that useful part—the mind ;—
Since they have learnt to read, to write, to spell ;—
Since some of them have wit,—and use it well ;
Let us not force them back with brow severe,
Within the pale of ignorance and fear,

P R O L O G U E.

Confin'd entirely to domestic arts,
Producing only children, pies, and tarts.

The fav'rite fable of the tuneful Nine,
Implies that female genius *is divine*.

Then, drive not, Critics, with tyrannic rage,
A supplicating Fair-one from the Stage;
The Comic Muse perhaps is growing old,
Her lovers, you well know, are few and cold,
'Tis time then freely to enlarge the plan,
And let all those write comedies—that can.

D R A M A T I S P E R S O N Æ.

M E N.

Lord Norland	—	Mr. FARREN.
Sir Robert Ramble	—	Mr. LEWIS.
Mr. Solus	—	Mr. QUICK.
Mr. Harmony	—	Mr. MUNDEN.
Mr. Placid	—	Mr. FAWCETT.
Mr. Irwin	—	Mr. POPE.
Hammond	—	Mr. POWELL.
Porter	—	Mr. THOMPSON.
Edward	—	Miss GRIST.

W O M E N.

Lady Eleanor Irwin	—	Mrs. POPE.
Mrs. Placid	—	Mrs. MATTOCKS.
Miss Spinster	—	Mrs. WEBB.
Miss Wooburn	—	Mrs. ESTEN.
Servants, &c.		

S C E N E, London.

EVERY ONE HAS HIS FAULT:

A

C O M E D Y.

A C T I.

SCENE I. *An Apartment at Mr. PLACID's.*

Enter Mr. PLACID and Mr. SOLUS.

PLACID.

YOU are to blame.

SOLUS.

I say the same by you.

PLACID.

And yet your singularity pleases me; for you are the first elderly bachelor I ever knew, who did not hug himself in the reflection, that he was not in the trammels of wedlock.

SOLUS.

No; I am only the first elderly bachelor who has truth and courage enough to confess his dissatisfaction.

PLACID.

And you really wish you were married?

B

SOLUS.

SOLUS.

I do. I wish still more, that I had been married thirty years ago. Oh ! I wish a wife and half-a-score children would now start up around me, and bring along with them all that affection, which we should have had for each other by being earlier acquainted. But as it is, in my present state, there is not a person in the world I care a straw for ; and the world is pretty even with me, for I don't believe there is a creature in it who cares a straw for me.

PLACID.

Pshaw ! You have in your time been a man of gallantry ; and, consequently, must have made many attachments.

SOLUS.

Yes, such as men of gallantry usually make. I have been attached to women who have purloined my fortune, and to men who have partaken of the theft : I have been in as much fear of my mistress as you are of your wife.

PLACID.

Is that possible ?

SOLUS.

Yes ; and without having one of those tender, delicate ties of a husband, an excuse for my apprehension.—I have maintained children——

PLACID.

Then why do you complain for the want of a family ?

SOLUS.

I did not say I ever had any children ; I said I had *maintained* them ; but I never believed they were mine ; for I could have no dependence upon the principles of their mother—and never did I

take one of those tender infants in my arms, that the forehead of my Valet, the squint-eye of my Apothecary, or the double chin of my Chaplain, did not stare me in the face, and damp all the fine feelings of the parent, which I had just called up.

PLACID.

But those are accidents which may occur in the marriage state.

SOLUS.

In that case, a man is pitied—in mine, he is only laughed at.

PLACID.

I wish to heaven I could exchange the pity which my friends bestow on me, for the merriment which your ill fate excites.

SOLUS.

You want but courage to be envied.

PLACID.

Does any one doubt my courage?

SOLUS.

No. If a Prince were to offend you, you would challenge him, I have no doubt.

PLACID.

But if my wife offend me, I am obliged to make an apology.—Was not that her voice? I hope she has not overheard our conversation.

SOLUS.

If she have, she'll be in an ill humour.

PLACID.

That she will be, whether she have heard it or not.

B 2

SOLUS.

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SOLUS.

Well, good-day. I don't like to be driven from my fixed plan of wedlock ; and, therefore, I won't be a spectator of your mutual discontent.

[*Going.*]

PLACID.

But before you go, Mr. Solus, permit me to remind you of a certain concern, that, I think, would afford you much more delight, than all you can, at this time of life, propose to yourself in marriage. Make happy by your beneficence, a near relation whom the truest affection has drawn into that state, but who is denied the blessing of competency to make the state supportable.

SOLUS.

You mean my nephew, Irwin ? But do not you acknowledge he has a wife and children ? Did not he marry the woman he loved, and has he not, at this moment, a large family, by whom he is beloved ? And is he not, therefore, with all his poverty, much happier than I ? He has often told me, when I have reproached him with his indiscreet marriage, "that in his wife he possessed kingdoms !" Do you suppose I will give any part of my fortune to a man who enjoys such extensive domains ? No :—let him preserve his territories, and I will keep my little estate for my own use.

[*Exit.*]

PLACID.

John ! John !—[*Enter Servant*] Has your mistress been enquiring for me ?

JOHN.

Yes, Sir :—My Lady asked just now, if I knew who was with you ?

PLACID.

PLACID.

Did she seem angry?

JOHN.

No sir;—pretty well.

PLACID.

You scoundrel, what do you mean by “pret well?” [*In anger.*]

JOHN.

Much as usual, Sir.

PLACID.

And do you call that “pretty well?” You scoundrel, I have a great mind——

Enter Mrs. PLACID, speaking very loud.

Mrs. PLACID.

What is the matter, Mr. Placid? What is all this noise about? You know I hate a noise. What is the matter?

PLACID.

My dear, I was only finding fault with that blockhead.

Mrs. PLACID.

Pray, Mr. Placid, do not find fault with any body in this house. But I have something which I must take *you* very severely to task about, Sir.

PLACID.

No, my dear, not just now, pray.

Mrs. PLACID.

Why not now?

PLACID, *looking at his watch.*Because dinner will be ready in a few minutes. I am very hungry, and it will be cruel of you
to

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to spoil my appetite. John, is the dinner on table?

Mrs. PLACID.

No, John, don't let it be served yet—Mr. Placid, you *shall* first hear what I have to say.
[*sitting down.*
[*Exit Servant.*

PLACID.

But then I know I sha'n't be able to eat a morsel.

Mrs. PLACID.

Sit down. [*He sits*].—I believe, Mr. Placid, you are going to do a very silly thing. I am afraid you are going to lend some money?

PLACID.

Well, my dear, and suppose I am?

Mrs. PLACID.

Then, I don't approve of people lending their money.

PLACID.

But, my dear, I have known you approve of borrowing money: And, once in our lives, what should we have done, if every body had refused to lend?

Mrs. PLACID.

That is nothing to the purpose.—And now I desire you will hear what I say, without speaking a word yourself.

PLACID.

Well, my dear.

Mrs. PLACID.

Now mind you don't speak, till I have done.
—Our old acquaintance, Captain Irwin, and Lady Eleanor,

Eleanor, his wife (with whom we lived upon very intimate terms, to be sure, while we were in America), are returned to London; and I find you have visited them very frequently.

PLACID.

Not above two or three times, upon my word; for it hurts me to see them in distress, and I forbear to go.

Mrs. PLACID.

There! You own they are in distress; I expected as much. Now, own to me that they have asked you to lend them money.

PLACID.

I do own it—I do own it. Now, are you satisfied?

Mrs. PLACID.

No: for I have no doubt but you have promised they shall have it.

PLACID.

No, upon my word, I have not promised.

Mrs. PLACID.

Then promise me they shall not.

PLACID.

Nay, my dear, you have no idea of their distress!

Mrs. PLACID.

Yes, I have; and 'tis that which makes me suspicious.

PLACID.

His regiment is now broken; all her jewels and little bawbles are disposed of; he is in such dread of his old creditors, that, in the lodging they have taken, he passes by the name of Middleton—They have three more children, my dear, than when
we

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we left them in New England; and they have in vain sent repeated supplications, both to his uncle, and her father, for the smallest bounty.

Mrs. PLACID.

And is not Lord Norland, her father, a remarkably wise man? and a good man? And ought you to do for them, what he has refused?

PLACID.

They have offended him, but they have never offended me.

Mrs. PLACID.

I think 'tis an offence to ask a friend for money, when there is no certainty of returning it.

PLACID.

By no means: for, if there *were* a certainty, even an enemy might lend.

Mrs. PLACID.

But I insist, Mr. Placid, that they shall not find a friend in you upon this occasion.—What do you say, Sir?

PLACID, *after a struggle.*

No, my dear, they shall not.

Mrs. PLACID.

Positively shall not?

PLACID.

Positively shall not—since they have found an enemy in you.

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

Dinner is on table.

PLACID.

Ah! I am not hungry now.

Mrs.

A C O M E D Y.

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Mrs. PLACID.

What do you mean by that, Mr. Placid? I insist on your being hungry.

PLACID.

Oh yes! I have a very excellent appetite. I shall eat prodigiously.

Mrs. PLACID.

You had better.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *An Apartment at Mr. HARMONY'S.*
Enter Mr. HARMONY, followed by Miss SPINSTER.

Miss SPINSTER.

Cousin, cousin Harmony, I will not forgive you for thus continually speaking in the behalf of every servant whom you find me offended with. Your philanthropy becomes insupportable; and, instead of being a virtue, degenerates into a vice.

HARMONY.

Dear Madam, do not upbraid me for a constitutional fault.

Miss SPINSTER.

Very true; you had it from your infancy. I have heard your mother say you were always foolishly tender-hearted, and never shewed one of those discriminating passions of envy, hatred, or revenge, to which all her other children were liable.

HARMONY.

No: since I can remember, I have felt the most unbounded affection for all my fellow creatures. I even protest to you, dear Madam, that, as I walk along the streets of this large metropolis, so warm is my heart towards every person who passes me, that I long to say, "How do you do?" and

C

"I am

"I am glad to see you," to them all. Some men, I should like even to stop and shake hands with ;— and some women, I should like even to stop and kiss.

Miss SPINSTER.

How can you be so ridiculous !

HARMONY.

Nay, 'tis truth : and I sincerely lament that human beings should be such strangers to one another as we are. We live in the same street, without knowing one another's necessities ; and oftentimes meet and part from each other at church, at coffee-houses, play-houses, and all public places, without ever speaking a single word, or nodding "Good bye !" though 'tis a hundred chances to ten we never see one another again.

Miss SPINSTER.

Let me tell you, kinsman, all this pretended philanthropy renders you ridiculous. There is not a fraud, a theft, or hardly any vice committed that you do not take the criminal's part, shake your head, and cry, "Provisions are so scarce !" And no longer ago than last Lord-mayor's-day, when you were told that Mr. Alderman Ravenous was ill with an indigestion, you endeavoured to soften the matter, by exclaiming, "Provisions are so scarce !" —But, above all, I condemn the false humanity, which induces you to say many things in conversation which deserve to stigmatize you with the character of deceit.

HARMONY.

This is a weakness I confess. But though my honour sometimes reproaches me with it as a fault, my conscience never does : for it is by this very failing that I have frequently made the bitterest enemies

enemies friends—Just by saying a few harmless sentences, which, though a species of falsehood and deceit, yet, being soothing and acceptable to the person offended, I have immediately inspired him with lenity and forgiveness; and then, by only repeating the self-same sentences to his opponent, I have known hearts cold and closed to each other, warmed and expanded, as every human creature's ought to be.

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

Mr. Solus.

[*Exit* Servant.]

Miss SPINSTER.

I cannot think, Mr. Harmony, why you keep company with that old bachelor; he is a man, of all others on earth, I dislike; and so I am obliged to quit the room, though I have a thousand things more to say.

[*Exit angrily.*]

Enter SOLUS.

HARMONY.

Mr. Solus, how do you do?

SOLUS.

I am very lonely at home; will you come and dine with me?

HARMONY.

Now you are here, you had better stay with me; we have no company; only my cousin Miss Spinster and myself.

SOLUS.

No, I must go home: do come to my house.

HARMONY.

Nay, pray stay: what objection can you have?

C 2

SOLUS.

SOLUS.

Why, to tell you the truth, your relation, Miss Spinster, is no great favourite of mine; and I don't like to dine with you, because I don't like her company.

HARMONY.

That is, to me, surprising!

SOLUS.

Why, old bachelors and old maids never agree: we are too much alike in our habits: we know our own hearts so well, we are apt to discover every foible we would wish to forget, in the symptoms displayed by the other. Miss Spinster is peevish, fretful and tiresome, and I am always in a fidget when I am in her company.

HARMONY.

How different are her sentiments of you! for one of her greatest joys is to be in your company. [*Solus starts and smiles*] Poor woman! she has, to be sure, an uneven temper—

SOLUS.

No, perhaps I am mistaken.

HARMONY.

—But I will assure you, I never see her in half such good humour as when you are here: for I believe you are the greatest favourite she has.

SOLUS.

I am very much obliged to her, and I certainly *am* mistaken about her temper—Some people, if they look ever so cross, are good-natured in the main; and I dare say she is so. Besides, she never has had a husband to soothe and soften her disposition; and there should be some allowance made for that.

HARMONY.

Will you dine with us?

SOLUS.

SOLUS.

I don't care if I do. Yes, I think I will. I must however step home first:—but I'll be back in a quarter of an hour.—My compliments to Miss Spinster, if you should see her before I return.

[Exit.

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

My lady begs to know, Sir, if you have invited Mr. Solus to dine? because if you have, she shall go out.

[Exit Servant.

Enter Miss SPINSTER.

HARMONY.

Yes, Madam, I could not help inviting him; for, poor man, his own house is in such a state for want of proper management, he cannot give a comfortable dinner himself.

Miss SPINSTER.

And so he must spoil the comfort of mine.

HARMONY.

Poor man! poor man! after all the praises he has been lavishing upon you.!

Miss SPINSTER.

What praises?

HARMONY.

I won't tell you: for you won't believe them.

Miss SPINSTER.

Yes, I shall.—Oh no—now I recollect, this is some of your invention.

HARMONY.

Nay, I told him it was *his* invention: for he declared you looked better last night, than any other lady at the Opera.

Miss

MISS SPINSTER.

No, this sounds like truth :—and, depend upon it, though I never liked the manners of Mr. Solus much, yet—

HARMONY.

Nay, Solus has his faults.

MISS SPINSTER.

So we have all.

HARMONY.

And will you leave him and me to dine by ourselves ?

MISS SPINSTER.

Oh no, I cannot be guilty of such ill manners, though I talked of it. Besides, poor Mr. Solus does not come so often, and it would be wrong not to shew him all the civility we can. For my part, I have no dislike to the man ; and, if taking a bit of dinner with us now and then can oblige either you or him, I should be to blame to make any objection. Come, let us go into the drawing-room to receive him.

HARMONY.

Ay ! this is right : this is as it should be.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A Room at the Lodgings of Mr. IRWIN.*

Mr. IRWIN and Lady ELEANOR IRWIN discovered.

Lady ELEANOR.

My dear husband, my dear Irwin, I cannot bear to see you thus melancholy. Is this the joy of returning to our native country after a nine years banishment ?

IRWIN.

Yes. For I could bear my misfortunes, my wretched

wretched poverty with patience, in a land where our sorrows were shared by those about us; but here, in London, where plenty and ease smile upon every face; where, by birth you claim distinction, and I by services:—here to be in want,—to be obliged to take another name in shame of our own,—to tremble at the voice of every stranger, for fear he should be a creditor,—to meet each old acquaintance with an averted eye, because we would not feel the pang of being shunned. To have no reward for all this, even in a comfortable home; but there, to see our children looking up to me for that support I have not in my power to give—Can I,—can I love them and you, and not be miserable?

Lady ELEANOR.

And yet I am not so. And I am sure you will not doubt my love to you or them.

IRWIN.

I met my uncle this morning, and was mean enough to repeat my request to him;—he burst into a fit of laughter, and told me my distresses were the result of my ambition, in marrying the daughter of a nobleman, who himself was too ambitious ever to pardon us.

Lady ELEANOR.

Tell me no more of what he said.

IRWIN.

This was a day of trials:—I saw your father too.

Lady ELEANOR.

My father! Lord Norland! Oh Heavens!

IRWIN.

He passed me in his carriage.

Lady

Lady ELEANOR.

I envy you the blessing of seeing him! For, oh!—Excuse my tears—he is my father still.—How did he look?

IRWIN.

As well as he did at the time I used to watch him from his house to steal to you.—but I am sorry to acquaint you, that, to guard himself against all returning love for you, he has, I am informed, adopted a young lad, on whom he bestows every mark of that paternal affection, of which you lament the loss.

Lady ELEANOR.

May the young man deserve his tenderness better than I have done—May he never disobey him—May *he* be a comfort, and cherish his benefactor's declining years—And when his youthful passions teach him to love, may they not, like mine, teach him disobedience!

Enter a SERVANT with a letter.

IRWIN.

What is that letter?

SERVANT.

It comes from Mr. Placid, the servant who brought it said, and requires no answer. [*Exit.*]

IRWIN.

It's strange how I tremble at every letter I see as if I dreaded the contents. How poverty has unmanned me! *aside*—I must tell you, my dear, that finding myself left this morning without a guinea, I wrote to Mr. Placid to borrow a small sum. This is his answer: [*reading the superscription*] "To Mr. Middleton."—That's right;—he remembers the caution I gave him. I had forgot whether
I I had

I had, for my memory is not so good as it was. I did not even recollect this hand, though it is one I am so well acquainted with, and ought to give me joy rather than sorrow [*Opens the letter hastily, reads, and lets it drop*]. Now I have not a friend on earth.

Lady ELEANOR.

Yes, you have me. You forget me.

IRWIN, in a transport of grief.

I would forget you—you—and all your children.

Lady ELEANOR.

I would not lose the remembrance of you, or of them, for all my father's fortune.

IRWIN.

What am I to do? I must leave you! I must go, I know not where! I cannot stay to see you perish. [*Takes his hat, and is going.*]

Lady ELEANOR, holding him.

Where would you go? 'Tis evening—'tis dark—Whither would you go at this time?

IRWIN, distractedly.

I must consider what's to be done—and in this room my thoughts are too confined to reflect.

Lady ELEANOR.

And are London streets calculated for reflection?

IRWIN.

No;—for action. To hurry the faint thought to resolution.

Lady ELEANOR.

You are not well—Your health has been lately impaired.—Your temper has undergone a change too:—I tremble lest any accident—

D

IRWIN.

IRWIN.

What accident? [*Wildly*]

Lady ELEANOR.

I know your provocations from an ungrateful world: But despise it, as that despises you.

IRWIN.

But for your sake, I could.

Lady ELEANOR.

Then witness, Heaven! I am happy.—Though bred in all the delicacy, the luxury of wealth and splendour; yet I have never murmured at the change of fortune, while that change has made me wife to you, and mother of your children.

IRWIN.

We *will* be happy—if possible. But give me this evening to consider what plan to fix upon.—There is no time to lose; we are without friends—without money—without credit.—Farewell for an hour.—I will see Mr. Placid, if I can; and though he have not the money to lend, he may, perhaps, give me some advice.

Lady ELEANOR.

Suppose I call on *her*? Women are sometimes more considerate than men, and—

IRWIN.

Do you for the best, and so will I.—Heavens bless you!

[*Exeunt separately.*]

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Coffee or Club-room at a Tavern.*

Enter Sir ROBERT RAMBLE—and Mr. SOLUS and Mr. PLACID at the opposite Side.

SOLUS.

SIR Robert Ramble, how do you do?

Sir ROBERT.

My dear Mr. Solus, I am glad to see you. I have been dining by myself, and now come into this public room to meet with some good company.

SOLUS.

Ay, Sir Robert, you are now reduced to the same necessity which I frequently am—I frequently am obliged to dine at taverns and coffee-houses, for want of company at home.

Sir ROBERT.

Nay, I protest I am never happier than in a house like this, where a man may meet his friend without the inconvenience of form, either as a host or a visitor.

SOLUS.

Sir Robert, give me leave to introduce to you Mr. Placid: he has been many years abroad; but I believe he now means to remain in his own country for the rest of his life. This, Mr. Placid, is Sir Robert Ramble.

Sir ROBERT, to Mr. PLACID.

Sir, I shall be happy in your acquaintance ; and I assure you, if you will do me the honour to meet me now and then at this house, you will find every thing very pleasant. I verily believe, that since I lost my wife, which is now about five months ago, I verily believe I have dined here three days out of the seven.

PLACID.

Have you lost your wife, Sir ? And so lately ?

Sir ROBERT, with great indifference.

Yes, Sir ; about five months ago—Is it not, Mr. Solus ? You keep account of such things better than I do.

SOLUS.

Oh ! ask me no questions about your wife, Sir Robert ; if she had been mine, I would have had her to this moment.

PLACID.

What, wrested her from the gripe of death ?

Sir ROBERT.

No, Sir ; only from the gripe of the Scotch lawyers.

SOLUS.

More shame for you. Shame ! to wish to be divorced from a virtuous wife.

PLACID.

Was that the case ? Divorced from a virtuous wife ! I never heard of such a circumstance before. Pray, Sir Robert [*very anxiously*], will you indulge me, by letting me know in what manner you were able to bring about so great an event ?

Sir ROBERT.

It may appear strange to you, Sir ; but my wife and I did not live happy together.

PLACID.

PLACID.

Not at all strange, Sir; I can conceive—I can conceive very well.

SOLUS.

Yes; he can conceive that part to perfection.

Sir ROBERT.

And so, I was determined on a divorce.

PLACID.

But then her character could not be unimpeached.

Sir ROBERT.

Yes, it was, Sir. You must know, we were married in Scotland, and by the laws there, a wife can divorce her *husband* for breach of fidelity; and so, though my wife's character was unimpeached, mine was not—and she divorced me.

PLACID.

Is this the law in Scotland?

Sir ROBERT.

It is. Blessed, blessed country! that will bind young people together before the years of discretion—and, as soon as they have discretion to repent, will unbind them again!

PLACID.

I wish I had been married in Scotland.

SOLUS.

But, Sir Robert, with all this boasting, you must own that your divorce has greatly diminished your fortune.

Sir ROBERT, *taking Solus aside.*

Mr. Solus, you have frequently hinted at my fortune being impaired; but I do not approve of such notions being received abroad.

SOLUS.

SOLUS.

I beg your pardon ; but every body knows that you have played very deep lately, and have been a great loser ; and every body knows——

Sir ROBERT.

No, Sir, every body does not know it, for I contradict the report wherever I go. A man of fashion does not like to be reckoned poor, no more than he likes to be reckoned unhappy. We none of us endeavour to *be* happy, Sir, but merely to be *thought* so ; and for my part, I had rather be in a state of misery, and envied for my supposed happiness, than in a state of happiness, and pitied for my supposed misery.

SOLUS.

But consider, these misfortunes which I have just hinted at, are not of any serious nature, only such as a few years œconomy——

Sir ROBERT.

But were my wife and her guardian to become acquainted with these little misfortunes, they would triumph in my embarrassments.

SOLUS.

Lady Ramble triumph ! [*They join Mr. Placid*] She who was so firmly attached to you, that I believe nothing but a compliance with your repeated request to be separated, caused her to take the step she did.

Sir ROBERT.

Yes, I believe she did it to oblige me, and I am very much obliged to her.

SOLUS.

As good a woman, Mr. Placid——

Sir ROBERT.

Very good—but very ugly.

SOLUS.

SOLUS.

She is beautiful.

Sir ROBERT, to Solus.

I tell you, Sir, she is hideous. And then she was grown so insufferably peevish.

SOLUS.

I never saw her out of temper.

Sir ROBERT.

Mr. Solus, it is very uncivil of you to praise her before my face. Lady Ramble, at the time I parted with her, had every possible fault both of mind and person, and so I made love to other women in her presence; told her bluntly that I was tired of her; that "I was very sorry to make her uneasy, but that I could not love her any longer."—And was not that frank and open?

SOLUS.

Oh! that I had but such a wife as she was!

Sir ROBERT.

I must own I loved her myself when she was young.

SOLUS.

Do you call her old?

Sir ROBERT.

In years I am certainly older than she but the difference of sex makes her a great deal older than I am. For instance, Mr. Solus, you have often lamented not being married in your youth; but if you had, what would you have now done with an old wife, a woman of your own age?

SOLUS.

Loved and cherished her.

Sir ROBERT.

What, in spite of her loss of beauty?

SOLUS.

SOLUS.

When she had lost her beauty, most likely I should have lost my eye-sight, and have been blind to the wane of her charms.

PLACID, *anxiously*.

But, Sir Robert, you were explaining to me—Mr. Solus, give me leave to speak to Sir Robert—I feel myself particularly interested on this subject.—And, Sir, you were explaining to me——

Sir ROBERT.

Very true : Where did I leave off ? Oh ! at my ill usage of my Lady Ramble. Yes, I did use her very ill, and yet she loved me. Many a time, when she has said to me, “ Sir Robert, I detest your principles, your manners, and even your person,” often, at that very instant, I have seen a little sparkle of a wish, peep out of the corner of one eye, that has called to me, “ Oh ! Sir Robert, how I long to make it up with you !”

SOLUS, *to Mr. Placid*.

Do not you wish that your wife had such a little sparkle at the corner of one of her eyes ?

Sir ROBERT, *to Mr. Placid*,

Sir, do you wish to be divorced ?

PLACID.

I have no such prospect. Mrs. Placid is faithful, and I was married in England.

Sir ROBERT.

But if you have an unconquerable desire to part, a separate maintenance will answer nearly the same end—for if your Lady and you will only lay down the plan of separation, and agree—

PLACID.

But, unfortunately, we never do agree !

Sir

Sir ROBERT.

Then speak of parting as a thing you dread worse than death; and make it your daily prayer to her that she will never think of going from you—She will determine upon it directly.

PLACID.

I thank you; I am very much obliged to you: I thank you a thousand times.

Sir ROBERT.

Yes, I have studied the art of teasing a wife; and there is nothing vexes her so much as laughing at her. Can you laugh, Mr. Placid?

PLACID.

I don't know whether I can; I have not laughed since I married.—But I thank you, Sir, for your instructions—I sincerely thank you.

SOLUS.

And now, Sir Robert, you have had the good nature to teach this Gentleman how to get rid of his wife, will you have the kindness to teach me how to procure one?

Enter Mr. IRWIN.

Sir ROBERT.

Hah! sure I know that Gentleman's face?

SOLUS.

My Nephew! Let me escape his solicitations. *Aside*—Here, waiter! *[Exit.*

PLACID.

Irwin! *Starting*] Having sent him a denial, I am ashamed to see him. *Aside*] Here, Mr. Solus!—
[Exit, following Mr. Solus.

E

IRWIN,

IRWIN, *aside*.

More cool faces! My necessitous countenance clears even a club-room.

Sir ROBERT.

My dear Captain Irwin, is it you? Yes, 'faith it is—After a nine years' absence I most sincerely rejoice to see you.

IRWIN.

Sir Robert, you shake hands with a cordiality I have not experienced these many days, and I thank you.

Sir ROBERT.

But what's the matter? You seem to droop—Where have you left your usual spirits? has absence from your country changed your manners?

IRWIN.

No, Sir; but I find some of my countrymen changed. I fancy them less warm, less friendly than they were; and it is that which, perhaps, has this effect upon me.

Sir ROBERT.

Am I changed?

IRWIN.

You appear an exception.

Sir ROBERT.

And I assure you, that instead of being more gloomy, I am even more gay than I was seven years ago; for then, I was upon the point of matrimony—but now, I am just relieved from its cares.

IRWIN.

I have heard so. But I hope you have not taken so great an aversion to the marriage-state as never to marry again?

Sir

Sir ROBERT.

Perhaps not: But then it must be to some rich heiress.

IRWIN.

You are right to pay respect to fortune. Money is a necessary article in the marriage contract.

Sir ROBERT.

As to that—that would be no great object at present. No, thank Heaven, my estates are pretty large; I have no children; I have a rich Uncle, excellent health, admirable spirits;—and thus happy, it would be very strange if I did not meet my old friends with those smiles which never for a moment quit my countenance.

IRWIN,

In the dispensation of the gifts of Providence, how few are found blest like you! [*Sighing.*]

Sir ROBERT.

And I assure you, my dear Mr. Irwin, it gives me the most serious reflections, and the most sincere concern, that they are not.

IRWIN.

I thank you, Sir, most heartily: I thank you for mankind in general, and for myself in particular. For after this generous, unaffected declaration (with less scruple than I should to any man in the world) I will own to you—that I am at this very time in the utmost want of an act of friendship.

Sir ROBERT, *aside.*

And so am I—Now must I confess myself a poor man; or pass for an unfeeling one; and I will choose the latter. [*Bowing with great ceremony and coldness,* Any thing that I can command, is at your service.

IRWIN,

Confounded and hesitating.

Why then, Sir Robert—I am almost ashamed to say it—but circumstances have been rather unfavourable.—My wife's father [*affecting to smile*] is not reconciled to us yet—My regiment is broke—My Uncle will not part with a farthing.—Lady Eleanor, my wife, [*wipes his eyes*] has been supported as yet, with some little degree of tenderness, elegance; and—in short, I owe a small sum which I am afraid of being troubled for; I want a trifle also for our immediate use, and if you would lend me a hundred pounds—though, upon my honour, I am not in a situation to fix the exact time when I can pay it.

Sir ROBERT.

My dear Sir, never trouble yourself about the time of paying it, because it happens not to be in my power to lend it you.

IRWIN.

Not in your power! I beg your pardon; but have not you this moment been saying you are rich?

Sir ROBERT.

And is it not very common to be rich without money? Are not half the town rich? And yet half the town has no money. I speak for this end of the town, the West end. The Squares, for instance, part of Piccadilly, down St. James's-street, and so home by Pall Mall. We have all, estates, bonds, drafts, and notes of hand without number; but as for money, we have no such thing belonging to us.

IRWIN.

I sincerely beg your pardon. And be assured, Sir, nothing should have induced me to have taken
the

the liberty I have done, but the necessities of my unhappy family, and having understood by your own words, that you were in affluence.

Sir ROBERT.

I *am* in affluence, I am, I am; but not in so much, perhaps, as my hasty, inconsiderate account may have given you reason to believe. I forgot to mention several heavy incumbrances, which you will perceive are great drawbacks on my fortune.—As my wife sued for the divorce, I have her fortune to return; I have also two sisters to portion off—a circumstance I totally forgot. But, my good friend, though I am not in circumstances to do what you require, I will do something that shall be better. I'll wait upon your father-in-law, (Lord Norland) and entreat him to forgive his daughter: and I am sure he will if I ask him.

IRWIN.

Impossible.

Sir ROBERT.

And so it is now I recollect: for he is the guardian of my late wife, and a request from me, will be received worse than from any other person.—However, Mr. Irwin, depend upon it, that whenever I have an opportunity of serving you, I will. And whenever you shall do me the favour to call upon me, I shall be heartily glad to see you. If I am not at home, you can leave your card, which, you know, is all the same; and depend upon it, I shall be extremely glad to see you or that, at any time. [Exit.]

IRWIN.

Is this my native country? Is this the hospitable land which we describe to strangers? No—We are savages to each other; nay worse—The savage makes

makes his fellow-savage welcome; divides with him his homely fare; gives him the best apartment his hut affords, and tries to hush those griefs that are confided in his bosom.—While in this civilized city, among my own countrymen, even among my brother officers in the army, and many of my nearest relations, so very civilised they are, I could not take the liberty to enter under one roof, without a ceremonious invitation, and that they will not give me. I may leave my card at their door, but as for me, or any one of mine, they would not give us a dinner; unless, indeed, it was in such a style, that we might behold with admiration their grandeur, and return still more depressed to our own poverty.—Can I bear this treatment longer? No, not even for you, my Eleanor. And this [*takes out a pistol*] shall now be the only friend to whom I will apply—And yet I want the courage to be a villain.

Enter Mr. HARMONY, speaking as he enters.

[*Irwin conceals the pistol instantly.*]

HARMONY.

Let me see half a dozen newspapers—every paper of the day.

Enter WAITER.

WAITER.

That is about three dozen, Sir.

HARMONY.

Get a couple of porters, and bring them all.

[*He sits down; they bring him papers, and he reads—Irwin starts, sits down, leans his head on one of the tables, and shews various signs of uneasiness; then comes forward.*]

IRWIN.

Am I a man, a soldier?—And a coward? Yes,
2 I run

I run away, I turn my back on life—I forsake the post, which my commander, Providence, has allotted me, and fly before a banditti of rude misfortunes. Rally me, love, connubial and parental love, rally me back to the charge! No, those very affections sound the retreat. [*Sits down with the same emotions of distraction as before.*]

HARMONY.

That gentleman does not seem happy. I wish I had an opportunity of speaking to him. [*Aside.*]

IRWIN *comes forward and speaks again.*

But Oh! my wife, what will be your sufferings when I am brought home to your wretched habitation!—And by my own hand!

HARMONY.

I am afraid, Sir, I engross all the news here.

[*Holding up the papers.*]

IRWIN, *still apart.*

Poor soul, how her heart will be torn!

HARMONY, *after looking stedfastly on him.*

Captain Irwin, till this moment I had not the pleasure of recollecting you!—It is Mr. Irwin, is it not?

IRWIN,

His mind deranged by his misfortunes.

Yes, Sir: but what have you to say to him, more than to a stranger?

HARMONY.

Nothing more, Sir, than to apologise to you, for having addressed you just now in so familiar a manner, before I knew who you were; and to assure you, that although I have no other knowledge of you than from report, and having been once, I believe, in your company at this very house

house before you left England; yet, any services of mine, as far as my abilities can reach, you may freely command.

IRWIN.

Pray, Sir, do you live at the West end of the town?

HARMONY.

I do.

IRWIN.

Then, Sir, your services can be of no use to me.

HARMONY.

Here is the place where I live, here is my card.
[Gives it to him.]

IRWIN.

And here is mine. And now I presume we have exchanged every act of friendship, which the strict forms of etiquette, in this town, will admit of.

HARMONY.

By no means, Sir. I assure you my professions never go beyond my intentions; and if there is any thing that I can serve you in—

IRWIN.

Have you no sisters to portion off? no lady's fortune to return? Or, perhaps, you will speak to my wife's father, and entreat him to forgive his child.

HARMONY.

On that subject you may command me; for I have the honour to be intimately acquainted with Lord Norland.

IRWIN.

But is there no reason you may recollect, "why you would be the most unfit person in the world to apply to him?"

HARMONY.

HARMONY.

None. I have been honoured with marks of his friendship for many years past; and I do not know any one who could, with less hazard of his resentment, venture to name his daughter to him.

IRWIN.

Well, Sir, if you should see him two or three days hence, when I am set out on a journey I am going, if you will then say a kind word to him for my wife and children, I'll thank you.

HARMONY.

I will go to him instantly. [Going.]

IRWIN.

No, do not see him yet; stay till I am gone. He will do nothing till I am gone.

HARMONY.

May I ask where you are going?

IRWIN.

No very tedious journey; but it is a country, to those who go without a proper passport, always fatal.

HARMONY.

I'll see Lord Norland to-night: perhaps I may persuade him to prevent your journey. I'll see him to-night, or early in the morning, depend upon it.—I am a man of my word, Sir, though I must own I do live at the West end of the town. [Exit.]

IRWIN.

'Sdeath, am I become the ridicule of my fellow-creatures? or am I not in my senses?—I know this is London—this house a tavern—I know I have a wife. Oh! 'twere better to be mad than to remember her! She has a father—he is rich and proud—that I will not forget. But I will pass his house, and send a malediction as I pass it—*furiously*].

F

No;

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No; breathe out my last sigh at his inhospitable door, and that sigh shall breathe—forgiveness.

[Exit.

SCENE II. *The Lodgings of Mr. IRWIN.*

Enter Mrs. PLACID, followed by Lady ELEANOR IRWIN.

Lady ELEANOR.

I am ashamed of the trouble I have given you, Mrs. Placid. It had been sufficient to have sent me home in your carriage; to attend me yourself was ceremonious.

Mrs. PLACID.

My dear Lady Eleanor, I was resolved to come home with you, as soon as Mr. Placid desired I would not.

Lady ELEANOR.

Was that the cause of your politeness? I am sorry it should.

Mrs. PLACID.

Why sorry? It is not proper he should have his way in every thing.

Lady ELEANOR.

But I am afraid you seldom let him have it at all.

Mrs. PLACID.

Yes, I do.—But where, my dear, is Mr. Irwin?

Lady ELEANOR, weeping.

I cannot hear the name of Mr. Irwin without shedding tears: his health has been so much impaired of late, and his spirits so bad—sometimes I even fear for a failure in his mind. [Weeps again.

Mrs. PLACID.

Is not he at home?

Lady

Lady ELEANOR.

I hope he is [*Goes to the side of the scenes*]. Tell your master, Mrs. Placid is here.

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

My master is not come in yet, Madam.

Lady ELEANOR.

Not yet? I am very sorry for it;—very sorry indeed.

Mrs. PLACID.

Bless me, my dear, don't look thus pale. Come sit down, and I'll stay with you till he returns.

[*Sits down herself.*]

Lady ELEANOR.

My dear, you forget that Mr. Placid is in the carriage at the door all this time.

Mrs. PLACID.

No, I don't. Come, let us sit, and have half an hour's conversation.

Lady ELEANOR.

Nay, I insist upon your going to him, or desiring him to walk in.

Mrs. PLACID.

Now I think of it, they may as well drive him home, and come back for me.

Enter Mr. PLACID.

Why surely, Mr. Placid, you were very impatient! I think you might have waited a few minutes longer.

PLACID.

I would have waited, my dear, but the evening is so damp.

Lady ELEANOR.

Ah! 'tis this evening—which makes me alarmed for Mr. Irwin.

PLACID.

Lady Eleanor, you are one of the most tender, anxious, and affectionate wives, I ever knew.

Mrs. PLACID.

There! Now he wishes he was your husband—he admires the conduct of every wife but his own, and envies every married man of his acquaintance. But it is very ungenerous in you.

PLACID.

So it is, my dear; and not at all consistent with the law of retaliation; for I am sure there is not one of my acquaintance who envies me.

Mrs. PLACID.

Mr. Placid, your behaviour throughout this whole day has been so totally different from what it ever was before, that I am half resolved to live no longer with you.

PLACID, *aside.*

It will do—It will do.

Lady ELEANOR.

Oh, my dear friends, do not talk of parting: how can you, while every blessing smiles on your union? Even I, who have reason to regret mine, yet, while that load of grief, a separation from Mr. Irwin, is but averted, I will think every other affliction supportable. [*A loud rapping at the door.*] That is he.

Mrs. PLACID.

Why, you seem in raptures at his return.

Lady ELEANOR.

I know no greater rapture.

Enter

Enter IRWIN, pale, trembling, and disordered.

Lady ELEANOR.

My dear, you are not well, I see.

IRWIN.

Yes.—[*Aside to her in anger*—Why do you speak of it?

PLACID.

How do you do, Irwin?

IRWIN.

I am glad to see you.

[*Bows.*

Mrs. PLACID.

But I am sorry to see you look so ill.

IRWIN.

I have only been taking a glass too much.

[*Lady Eleanor weeps.*

PLACID.

Pshaw! Don't I know you never drink?

IRWIN.

You are mistaken: I do when my wife is not by. I am afraid of her.

PLACID.

Impossible.

IRWIN.

What! to be afraid of one's wife?

PLACID.

No; I think that very possible.

Mrs. PLACID.

But it does not look well when it is so; it makes a man appear contemptible, and a woman a termagant. Come, Mr. Placid, I cannot stay another moment. Good night. Heaven bless you! To Lady Eleanor]—Good night, my dear Mr. Irwin; and

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and now, pray take my advice and keep up your spirits.

IRWIN.

I will, Madam. [*Shaking hands with Placid.*
And do you keep up your spirits.

[*Exeunt Mr. and Mrs. Placid.*

[*Irwin shuts the door with care after them, and looks round the room as if he feared to be seen or overheard.*]

IRWIN.

I am glad they are gone. I spoke unkindly to you just now, did I not? My temper is altered lately; and yet I love you.

Lady ELEANOR.

I never doubted it, nor ever will.

IRWIN.

If you did, you would wrong me; for there is not a danger I would not risk for your sake; there is not an infamy I would not be branded with to make you happy, nor a punishment I would not undergo, with joy, for your welfare.—But there is a bar to this; we are unfortunately so entwined together, so linked, so rivetted, so cruelly, painfully fettered to each other, you could not be happy unless I shared the self-same happiness with you.—But you will learn better—now you are in London, and amongst fashionable wives; you *must* learn better. [*Walks about, and smiles, with a ghastly countenance.*]

Lady ELEANOR.

Do not talk, do not look thus wildly—Indeed, indeed, you make me very uneasy.

IRWIN.

What! uneasy when I come to bring you comfort; and such comfort as you have not experienced
for

for many a day? [*He pulls out a pocket-book.*] Here is a friend in our necessity,—a friend that brings a thousand friends; plenty and—no, not always—peace. [*He takes several papers from the book, and puts them into her hands—She looks at them, then screams.*]

Lady ELEANOR.

Ah! 'Tis money. [*Trembling.* These are Bank notes.

IRWIN.

Hush! For heaven's sake, hush! We shall be discovered. [*Trembling and in great perturbation.* What alarms you thus?

Lady ELEANOR.

What alarms you?

IRWIN.

Do you say I am frightened?

Lady ELEANOR.

A sight so new has frightened me.

IRWIN.

Nay, they are your own: by heaven, they are! No one on earth has a better or a fairer right than you have. It was a laudable act by which I obtained them.—The parent-bird had forsook its young, and I but forced it back to perform the rites of nature.

Lady ELEANOR.

You are insane, I fear. No, no, I do not fear—I hope you are.

[*A loud rapping at the street-door—He starts, takes the notes from her, and puts them hastily into his pocket.*]

IRWIN.

Go to the door yourself; and if 'tis any one who asks for me, say I am not come home yet.

[*She goes out, then returns.*

Lady

Lady ELEANOR.

It is the person belonging to the house : no one to us.

IRWIN.

My dear Eleanor, are you willing to quit London with me in about two hours time ?

Lady ELEANOR,

Instantly.

IRWIN.

Nay, not only London, but England.

Lady ELEANOR.

This world, if you desire it. To go in company with you, will make the journey pleasant ; and all I loved on earth would still be with me.

IRWIN.

You can, then, leave your father without regret, *never, never*, to see him more ?

Lady ELEANOR.

Why should I think on him, who will not think of me ?

[*Weeps,*

IRWIN.

But our children——

Lady ELEANOR.

We are not to leave them behind ?

IRWIN.

One of them we must : but do not let that give you uneasiness. You know he has never lived with us since his infancy, and cannot pine for the loss of parents whom he has never known.

Lady ELEANOR.

But I have *known him*. He was my first ; and, sometimes, I think more closely wound around my heart, than all the rest. The grief I felt on being forced to leave him when we went abroad,

abroad, and the constant anxiety I have since experienced lest he should not be kindly treated, have augmented, I think, my tenderness.

IRWIN.

All my endeavours to-day, as well as every other day, have been in vain to find into what part of the country his nurse has taken him.—Nay, be not thus overcome with tears; we will (in spite of all my haste to be gone) stay one more miserable day here, in hopes to procure intelligence, so as to take him with us; and then—smile with contempt on all we leave behind. *[Exeunt.]*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

G

A C T

A C T III.

SCENE I. *A Library at Lord NORLAND's.**Enter Lord NORLAND, followed by Mr. HARMONY.**Lord NORLAND, in anger.*

I TELL you, Mr. Harmony, that if an indifferent person, one on whom I had never bestowed a favour in my life, were to offend me, it is in my nature never to forgive. Can I then forgive my own daughter, my only child, on whom I heaped continually marks of the most affectionate fondness? Shall she dare to offend me in the tenderest point, and you dare to suppose I will pardon her?

HARMONY.

Your child, consider.

Lord NORLAND.

The weakest argument you can use. As my child, was she not most bound to obey me? As my child, ought she not to have sacrificed her own happiness to mine? Instead of which, mine has been yielded up for a whim, a fancy, a fancy to marry a beggar; and as such is her choice, let her beg with him.

HARMONY.

She does by me;—pleads hard for your forgiveness.

Lord NORLAND.

If I thought she dared to send a message to me, though dictated on her knees, she should find that

that she had not yet felt the full force of my resentment.

HARMONY.

What could you do more?

Lord NORLAND.

I have done nothing yet. At present, I have only abandoned her;—but I can persecute.

HARMONY.

I have no doubt of it: and, that I may not be the means of aggravating your displeasure, I assure you, that what I have now said has been entirely from myself, without any desire of her's; and, at the same time, I give you my promise, I will never presume to intrude the subject again.

Lord NORLAND.

On this condition (but on no other) I forgive you now.

HARMONY.

And now then, my Lord, let us pass from those who have forfeited your love, to those who possess it.—I heard some time ago, but I never presumed to mention it to you, that you had adopted a young man as your son?

Lord NORLAND.

“A young man!” Pshaw!—No; a boy—a mere child, who fell in my way by accident.

HARMONY.

A chance child! Ho! ho!—I understand you.

Lord NORLAND.

Do not jest with me, Sir. Do I look——

HARMONY.

Yes, you look as if you would be ashamed to own it, if you had one.

Lord NORLAND.

But this boy I am not ashamed of:—he is a favourite—rather a favourite.—I did not like him so well at first;—but custom,—and having a poor creature entirely at one's mercy, one begins to love it merely from the idea of——What would be its fate if one did not?

HARMONY.

Is he an orphan, then?

Lord NORLAND.

No.

HARMONY.

You have a friendship for his parents?

Lord NORLAND.

I never saw the father: his mother I had a friendship for once. [Sighing.]

HARMONY.

Ay, while the husband was away?

Lord NORLAND.

I tell you, no. [*violently*].—But ask no more questions. Who his parents are, is a secret, which neither he, nor any one (that is now living) knows, except myself; nor ever shall.

HARMONY.

Well, my Lord, since 'tis your pleasure to consider him as your child, I sincerely wish you may experience more duty from him, than you have done from your daughter.

Lord NORLAND.

Thank Heaven, his disposition is not in the least like her's.—No: [*very much impassioned*] I have the joy to say, that never child was so unlike its mother.

HARMONY,

HARMONY, *starting*.

How ! His mother !

Lord NORLAND.

Confusion !—what have I said ?—I am ashamed——

HARMONY.

No,—be proud.

Lord NORLAND.

Of what ?

HARMONY.

That you have a lawful heir to all your riches ; proud, that you have a grandson.

Lord NORLAND.

I would have concealed it from all the world ; I wished it even unknown to myself. And let me tell you, Sir, (as not by my design, but through my inadvertency, you are become acquainted with this secret) that, if ever you breathe it to a single creature, the boy shall answer for it ; for, were he known to be her's, though he were dearer to me than ever *she* was, I would turn him from my house, and cast him from my heart, as I have done her.

HARMONY.

I believe you ;—and in compassion to the child, give you my *solemn promise* never to reveal who he is. I have heard that those unfortunate parents left an infant behind when they went abroad, and that they now lament him as lost. Will you satisfy my curiosity, in what manner you sought and found him out ?

Lord NORLAND.

Do you suppose I searched for him ? No ;—he was forced upon me. A woman followed me, about eight years ago, in the fields adjoining to
my

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my country-feat, with a half-starved boy in her hand, and asked my charity for my grand-child: the impression of the word made me turn round involuntarily; and casting my eyes upon him, I was rejoiced, not to find a feature of his mother's in all his face; and I began to feel something like pity for him. In short, he caught such fast hold by one of my fingers, that I asked him carelessly "if he would go home and live with me?" On which, he answered me so willingly "Yes," I took him at his word.

HARMONY.

And did never your regard for him, plead in his mother's behalf?

Lord NORLAND.

Never. For, by Heaven, I would as soon forgive the robber who met me last night at my own door, and, holding a pistol to my breast, took from me a sum to a considerable amount, as I would pardon her.

HARMONY.

Did such an accident happen to you?

Lord NORLAND.

Have you not heard of it?

HARMONY.

No.

Lord NORLAND.

It is amazing we cannot put a stop to such depredations.

HARMONY.

Provisions are so scarce!

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

Miss Wooburn, my Lord, if you are not engaged, will come and sit an hour with you.

Lord

Lord NORLAND.

I have no company but what she is perfectly acquainted with, and shall be glad of her visit.

[Exit Servant.]

HARMONY.

You forget I am a stranger, and my presence may not be welcome.

Lord NORLAND.

A stranger! What, to my ward? to Lady Ramble? for that is the name which custom would authorise her to keep; but such courtesy she disdains, in contempt of the unworthy giver of the title.

HARMONY.

I am intimate with Sir Robert, my Lord; and though I acknowledge that both you and his late wife have cause for complaint,—yet Sir Robert has still many virtues.

Lord NORLAND.

Not one. He is the most vile, the most detestable of characters. He not only contradicted my will in the whole of his conduct, but he seldom met me that he did not give me some personal affront.

HARMONY.

It is, however, generally held better to be uncivil in a person's presence, than in his absence.

Lord NORLAND.

He was uncivil to me in every respect.

HARMONY.

That I will deny; for I have heard Sir Robert, in your absence, say such things in your praise!—

Lord NORLAND.

Indeed!

HARMONY.

Most assuredly.

Lord

Lord NORLAND.

I wish he had sometimes done me the honour to have spoken politely to my face.

HARMONY.

That is not Sir Robert's way ;—he is no flatterer. But then, no sooner has your back been turned, than I have heard him lavish in your praise.

Lord NORLAND.

I must own, Mr Harmony, that I never looked upon Sir Robert as incorrigible. I could always discern a ray of understanding, and a beam of virtue through all his foibles ; nor would I have urged the divorce, but that I found his wife's sensibility could not bear his neglect ; and even now, notwithstanding her endeavour to conceal it, she pines in secret, and laments her hard fortune. All my hopes of restoring her health rest on one prospect—that of finding a man worthy my recommendation for her second husband, and, by creating a second passion, expel the first.—Mr. Harmony, you and I have been long acquainted—I have known your disposition from your infancy—Now, if such a man as you were to offer—

HARMONY.

You flatter me.

Lord NORLAND.

I do not.—would you venture to become her husband ?

HARMONY.

I cannot say I have any particular desire ;—but if it will oblige either you or her,—for my part, I think the short time we live in this world, we should do all we can to oblige each other.

Lord NORLAND.

I should rejoice at such an union myself, and I think

think I can answer for her.—You permit me then to make overtures to her in your name?

HARMONY, *considering*.

This is rather a serious business—However, I never did make a difficulty when I wished to oblige a friend.—But there is one proviso, my Lord; I must first mention it to Sir Robert.

Lord NORLAND.

Why so?

HARMONY.

Because he and I have always been very intimate friends; and to marry his wife without even telling him of it, will appear very uncivil!

Lord NORLAND.

Do you mean then to ask his consent?

HARMONY.

Not absolutely his consent; but I will insinuate the subject to him, and obtain his approbation in a manner suitable to my own satisfaction.

Lord NORLAND.

You will oblige me then if you will see him as early as possible; for it is reported he is going abroad.

HARMONY.

I will go to him immediately;—and, my Lord, I will do all in my power to oblige you, Sir Robert and the Lady; [*aside*—but as to obliging myself, that was never one of my considerations.

[*Exit*.

Enter Miss WOOBURN.

Lord NORLAND.

I am sorry to see you thus; you have been weeping? Will you still lament your separation from a

H

cruel

cruel husband, as if you had followed a kind one to the grave ?

Miss WOOBURN.

By no means, my Lord. Tears from our sex are not always the result of grief; they are frequently no more than little sympathetic tributes which we pay to our fellow-beings, while the mind and the heart are steeled against the weakness which our eyes indicate.

Lord NORLAND.

Can you say your mind and heart are so steeled ?

Miss WOOBURN.

I can : My mind is as firmly fixed against Sir Robert Ramble, as at our first acquaintance it was fixed upon him. And I solemnly protest——

Lord NORLAND.

To a man of my age and observation, protestations are vain.—Give me a proof that you have rooted him from your heart.

Miss WOOBURN.

Any proof you require, I will give you without a moment's hesitation.

Lord NORLAND.

I take you at your word ; and desire you to accept a Gentleman, whom I shall recommend for your second husband. [*Miss Wooburn starts*]—You said you would not hesitate a moment.

Miss WOOBURN.

—I thought I should not ;—but this is something so unexpected——

Lord NORLAND.

You break your word then, and still give cause for this ungrateful man, to ridicule your fondness for him.

Miss

Miss WOOBURN.

No, I will put an end to that humiliation; and whoever the Gentleman is whom you mean to propose—Yet, do not name him at present—but give me the satisfaction of keeping the promise I have made to you (at least for a little time) without exactly knowing how far it extends; for, in return, I have a promise to ask from you, before I acquaint you with the nature of your engagement.

Lord NORLAND.

I give my promise. Now name your request.

Miss WOOBURN.

Then, my Lord, [*hesitating and confused*]*—*the law gave me back, upon my divorce from Sir Robert, the very large fortune which I brought to him.—I am afraid, that in his present circumstances, to enforce the strict payment of this debt, would very much embarrass him.

Lord NORLAND.

What if it did?

Miss WOOBURN.

It is my entreaty to you (in whose hands is invested the power to demand this right of law) to lay my claim aside for the present. [*Lord Norland offers to speak*] I know, my Lord, what you are going to say; I know Sir Robert is not *now*, but I can never forget that he *has been* my husband.

Lord NORLAND.

To shew my gratitude for your compliance with the request I have just made you, [*Goes to a table in the library*] here is the bond by which I am impowered to seize on the greatest part of his estates in right of you: take the bond into your own possession till your next husband demands it

of you ; and by the time you have called him husband for a few weeks, this tenderness, or delicacy to Sir Robert, will be worn away.

Enter HARMONY, hastily.

HARMONY.

My Lord, I beg pardon ; but I forgot to mention——

Miss WOOBURN.

Oh, Mr. Harmony, I have not seen you before I know not when : I am particularly happy at your calling just now, for I have—[*hesitating*] a little favour to ask of you.

HARMONY.

If it were a great favour, Madam, you might command me.

Miss WOOBURN.

But—my Lord, I beg your pardon—but the favour I have to ask of Mr. Harmony must be told to him in private.

Lord NORLAND.

Oh ! I am sure I have not the least objection to you and Mr. Harmony having a private conference. I'll leave you together. [Harmony *appears embarrassed.*] You do not derange my business—I'll be back in a short time. [*Exit.*]

Miss WOOBURN.

Mr. Harmony, you are the very man on earth I most wanted to see. [Harmony *bows.*] I know the kindness of your heart, the liberality of your sentiments, and I wish to repose a charge to your trust, very near to me indeed—but you must be secret.

HARMONY.

HARMONY.

When a Lady repofes a truſt in me, I ſhould not be a man if I were not.

Miſs WOOBURN.

I muſt firſt inform you, that Lord Norland has juſt drawn from me a promiſe, that I will once more enter into the marriage-ſtate; and without knowing to whom he intends to give me, I will keep my promiſe—But it is in vain to ſay, that, though I mean all duty and fidelity to my ſecond huſband, I ſhall not experience moments when my thoughts—will wander on my firſt.

HARMONY, *ſtarting*.

Hem!—Hem!—[*To her*—Indeed?

Miſs WOOBURN.

I muſt always rejoice in Sir Robert's ſucceſſes, and lament over his miſfortunes.

HARMONY.

If that is all—

Miſs WOOBURN.

No, I would go one ſtep further: [Harmony *ſtarts again*] I would ſecure him from thoſe miſfortunes, which to hear of, will diſturb my peace of mind. I know his fortune has ſuffered very much, and I cannot, *will not*, place it in the power of the man, whom my Lord Norland may point out for my next marriage, to diſtreſs him farther—This is the writing, by which that Gentleman may claim the part of my fortune from Sir Robert Ramble, which is in landed property; carry it, my dear Mr. Harmony, to Sir Robert inſtantly; and tell him, that in ſeparating from him, I meant only to give him liberty; not make him the debtor, perhaps the priſoner of my future huſband.

HARMONY.

HARMONY.

Madam, I will most undoubtedly take this bond to my friend; but will you give me leave to suggest to you, that the person on whom you bestow your hand, may be a little surprised to find, that while he is in possession of you, Sir Robert is in the possession of your fortune?

Miss WOOBURN.

Do not imagine, Sir, that I shall marry any man, without first declaring what I have done—I only wish at present it should be concealed from Lord Norland—When this paper is given, as I have required, it cannot be recalled; and when that is past, I shall divulge my conduct to whom I please; and first of all, to him, who shall offer me his addresses.

HARMONY.

And if he is a man of my feelings, his addresses will be doubly importunate for this proof of liberality to your former husband.—But are you sure, that in the return of this bond, there is no secret affection, no latent spark of love?

Miss WOOBURN.

None. I know my heart; and if there was, I could not ask you, Mr. Harmony (nor any one like you), to be the messenger of an imprudent passion. Sir Robert's vanity, I know, may cause him to judge otherwise; but undeceive him; let him know this is a sacrifice to the golden principles of duty, and not an offering to the tinsel shrine of love.

Enter Lord NORLAND.

Miss WOOBURN.

Put up the bond.—[Harmony *conceals it.*]

Lord NORLAND.

Well, my dear, have you made your request?

Miss

A COMEDY.

53

Miss WOOBURN.

Yes, my Lord.

Lord NORLAND.

And has he granted it?

HARMONY.

Yes, my Lord. I am going to grant it.

Lord NORLAND.

I sincerely wish you both joy of this good understanding between you. But, Mr. Harmony, [*in a whisper*] are not you going to Sir Robert?

HARMONY.

Yes, my Lord, I am going this moment.

Lord NORLAND.

Make haste then, and do not forget your errand.

HARMONY.

No, my Lord, I sha'n't forget my errand; it wont slip my memory—Good morning, my Lord;—good morning, Madam. [*Exit.*]

Lord NORLAND.

Now, my dear, as you and Mr. Harmony seem to be on such excellent terms, I think I may venture to tell you (if he has not yet told you himself), that he is the man, who is to be your husband.

Miss WOOBURN.

He! Mr. Harmony!—No, my Lord, he has not told me; and I am confident he never will.

Lord NORLAND.

What makes you think so?

Miss WOOBURN.

Because—because—he must be sensible he would not be the man I should choose.

EVERY ONE HAS HIS FAULT:

Lord NORLAND.

And where is the woman who marries the man she would choose? You are reversing the order of society; men, only, have the right of choice in marriage. Were women permitted theirs, we should have handsome beggars allied to our noblest families, and no such object in our whole island as an old maid.

Miss WOOBURN.

But being denied that choice, why forbid to remain as I am?

Lord NORLAND.

What are you now? Neither a widow, a maid, nor a wife. If I could fix a term to your present state, I should not be thus anxious to place you in another.

Miss WOOBURN.

I am perfectly acquainted with your friendly motives, and feel the full force of your advice.—I therefore renew my promise—and although Mr. Harmony (in respect to the marriage state) is as little to my wishes as any man on earth, I will nevertheless endeavour—whatever struggles it may cost me—to be to him, if he prefers his suit, a dutiful, an obedient—but, for a loving wife, that I can never be again. *[Exeunt severally.]*

SCENE, *An Apartment at Sir ROBERT RAMBLE'S.*

Enter Sir ROBERT and Mr. HARMONY.

Sir ROBERT.

I thank you for this visit. I was undetermined what to do with myself. Your company has determined me to stay at home.

HARMONY.

HARMONY.

I was with a Gentleman just now, Sir Robert, and you were the subject of our conversation.

Sir ROBERT.

Had it been a Lady I should be anxious to know what she said.

HARMONY.

I have been with a Lady likewise; and she made you the subject of her discourse.

Sir ROBERT.

But was she handsome?

HARMONY.

Very handsome.

Sir ROBERT.

My dear fellow, what is her name? What did she say, and where may I meet with her?

HARMONY.

Her name is Wooburn.

Sir ROBERT.

That is the name of my late wife.

HARMONY.

It is her I mean.

Sir ROBERT.

Zounds, you had just put my spirits into a flame, and now you throw cold water all over me.

HARMONY.

I am sorry to hear you say so, for I came from her this moment; and what do you think is the present she has given me to deliver to you?

Sir ROBERT.

Pshaw! I want no presents. Some of my old love-letters returned, I suppose, to remind me of my inconstancy.

I

HARMONY.

HARMONY.

Do not undervalue her generosity: this is her present;—this bond, which has power to take from you three thousand a year, her right.

Sir ROBERT.

Ah! this is a present indeed. Are you certain you speak truth? Let me look at it:—Sure my eyes deceive me!—No, by Heaven it is true! [*Reads*] The very thing I wanted, and will make me perfectly happy. Now I'll be generous again; my bills shall be paid, my gaming debts cancelled, poor Irwin shall find a friend; and I'll send her as pretty a copy of verses as ever I wrote in my life.

HARMONY.

Take care how you treat with levity a woman of her elevated mind. She charged me to assure you, “that love had no share whatever in this act, but merely compassion to the embarrassed state of your affairs.”

Sir ROBERT.

Sir, I would have you to know, I am no object of compassion. However, a Lady's favour one cannot return; and so I'll keep this thing.

[*Puts it in his pocket.*]

HARMONY.

Nay, if your circumstances are different from what she imagines, give it me back, and I will return it to her.

Sir ROBERT.

No, poor thing! it would break her heart to send it back—No, I'll keep it—She would never forgive me, were I to send it back. I'll keep it. And she is welcome to attribute her concern for me to what she pleases. But surely you can see—you can understand—But Heaven bless her for
her

her love! and I would love her in return—if I could.

HARMONY.

You would not talk thus, if you had seen the firm dignity with which she gave me that paper—“Assure him,” said she, “no remaining affection comes along with it, but merely a duty which I owe him, to protect him from the humiliation of being a debtor to the man whom I am going to marry.”

Sir ROBERT,

With the utmost emotion.

Why, she is not going to be married again!

HARMONY.

I believe so.

Sir ROBERT.

But are you sure of it, Sir? Are you sure of it?

HARMONY.

Both she and her guardian told me so.

Sir ROBERT.

That guardian, my Lord Norland, is one of the basest, vilest of men.—I tell you what, Sir, I'll resent this usage.

HARMONY.

Wherefore?—As to his being the means of bringing about your separation, in that he obliged you.

Sir ROBERT.

Yes, Sir, he did, he certainly did;—but though I am not the least offended with him on that head (for at that I rejoice), yet I will relent his disposing of her a second time.

HARMONY.

And why?

Sir ROBERT.

Because, little regard as I have for her myself, yet no other man shall dare to treat her so ill, as I have done.

HARMONY.

Do not fear it—Her next husband will be a man, who, I can safely say, will never insult, or even offend her; but sooth, indulge, and make her happy.

Sir ROBERT.

And do you dare to tell me, that her next husband shall make her happy? Now that is worse than the other—No, Sir, no man shall ever have it to say “he has made her either happy or miserable,” but myself.

HARMONY.

I know of but one way to prevent it.

Sir ROBERT.

And what is that?

HARMONY.

Pay your addresses to her, and marry her again yourself.

Sir ROBERT.

And I would, rather than she should be happy with any body else. The devil take me if I would not.

HARMONY.

To shew that I am wholly disinterested in this affair, I will carry her a letter from you if you like, and say all I can in your behalf.

Sir ROBERT.

Ha, ha, ha! Now, my dear Harmony, you carry your good-natured simplicity too far. However I thank you, I sincerely thank you—But do you imagine I should be such a blockhead, as to make love to the same woman I made love to seven years ago, and who for the last six years I totally neglected?

HARMONY.

Yes: for if you have neglected her six years, she will now be a novelty.

Sir

Sir ROBERT.

Egad, and so she will. You are right.

HARMONY.

But being in possession of her fortune, you can be very happy without her.

Sir ROBERT.

Take her fortune back, Sir. [*Taking the bond from his pocket and offering it to Harmony*] I would starve, I would perish, die in poverty and infamy, rather than owe an obligation to a vile, perfidious, inconstant woman.

HARMONY.

Consider, Sir Robert, if you insist on my taking this bond back, it may fall into the husband's hands.

Sir ROBERT.

Take it back—I insist upon it. [*Gives it him, and Harmony puts it up*] But, Mr. Harmony, depend on it, Lord Norland shall hear from me, in the most serious manner, for his interference—I repeat, he is the vilest, the most villanous of men.

HARMONY.

How can you speak with such rancour of a nobleman, who speaks of *you* in the highest terms?

Sir ROBERT.

Does he, faith?

HARMONY.

He owns you have some faults.

Sir ROBERT.

I know I have.

HARMONY.

But he thinks your good qualities are numberless.

Sir ROBERT.

Now, dam'me if ever I thought so ill of *him*, as I have appeared to do!—But who is the intended husband,

62 EVERY ONE HAS HIS FAULT:

husband, my dear friend? Tell me, that I may laugh at him, and make you laugh at him.

HARMONY.

No, I am not inclined to laugh at him.

Sir ROBERT.

Is it old Solus?

HARMONY.

No.

Sir ROBERT.

But I will bet you a wager it is somebody equally ridiculous.

HARMONY.

I never bet.

Sir ROBERT.

Solus is mad for a wife, and has been praising mine up to the heavens; you need say no more; I know it is he.

HARMONY.

Upon my honour it is not. However, I cannot disclose to you at present the person's name; I must first obtain Lord Norland's permission.

Sir ROBERT.

I shall ask you no more. I'll write to her—she will tell me;—or, I'll pay her a visit, and ask her boldly myself.—Do you think [*anxiously*]?—do you think she would see me?

HARMONY.

You can but try.

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT,

Mr. Solus!

Sir ROBERT.

Now I will find out the secret immediately.—I'll charge him with being the intended husband.

HARMONY.

HARMONY.

I wo'nt stay to hear you.

Enter SOLUS.

Mr. Solus, how do you do? I am extremely sorry that my engagements take me away as soon as you enter. [*Exit Harmony running to avoid an explanation.*]

SOLUS.

Sir Robert, what is the matter? Has any thing ruffled you? Why, I never saw you look more out of temper, even while you were married.

Sir ROBERT.

Ah! that I had never married! never known what marriage was! for, even at this moment, I feel its torments in my heart.

SOLUS.

I have often heard of the torments of matrimony; but I conceive, that at the worst, they are nothing more than a kind of violent tickling, which will force the tears into your eyes, though at the same time you are bursting your sides with laughter.

Sir ROBERT.

You have defined marriage too favourably; there is no laughter in the state; all is melancholy, all gloom.

SOLUS.

Now I think marriage is an excellent remedy for the spleen. I have known a Gentleman at a feast receive an affront, disguise his rage, step home, vent it all upon his wife, return to his companions, and be as good company as if nothing had happened.

Sir ROBERT.

But even the necessary expences of a wife should alarm you.

SOLUS.

SOLUS.

I can then retrench some of my own. Oh ! my dear Sir, a married man has so many delightful privileges to what a bachelor has !—An old Lady will introduce her daughters to you in a dishabille —“ It does not signify, my dears, it’s a married man”—One Lady will suffer you to draw on her glove—“ Never mind, it’s a married man”—Another will permit you to pull on her slipper ; a third will even take you into her bed-chamber —“ Pshaw, it’s *nothing* but a married man.”

Sir ROBERT.

But the weight of your fetters will overbalance all these joys.

SOLUS.

And I cannot say, notwithstanding you are relieved from those fetters, that I see much joy or brightness here.

Sir ROBERT.

I am not very well at present ; I have the head-ach ; and, if ever a wife can be of comfort to her husband, it must be when he is indisposed. A wife, then, binds up your head, mixes your powders, bathes your temples, and hovers about you, in a way that is most endearing.

SOLUS.

Don’t speak of it ; I long to have one hover about me. But I will—I am determined I will, before I am a week older. Don’t speak, don’t attempt to persuade me not. Your description has renewed my eagerness—I will be married.

Sir ROBERT.

And without pretending not to know whom you mean to make your choice, I tell you plainly, it is Miss Wooburn, it is my late wife.—I know you
2 have

made overtures to my Lord Norland, and that he has given his consent.

SOLUS.

You tell me a great piece of news—I'll go ask my Lord if it be true; and if he says it is, I shall be very glad to find it so.

Sir ROBERT.

That is right, Sir; marry her, marry her;—I give you joy,—that's all.—Ha, ha, ha! I think I should know her temper.—But if you will venture to marry her, I sincerely wish you happy.

SOLUS.

And if we are not, you know we can be divorced.

Sir ROBERT.

Not always. Take my advice, and live as you are.

SOLUS.

You almost stagger my resolution.—I had painted such bright prospects in marriage:—Good day to you. [*Going, returns*].—You think I had better not marry?

Sir ROBERT.

You are undone if you do.

SOLUS, *sighing*.

You ought to know from experience.

Sir ROBERT.

From that I speak.

SOLUS,

Going to the door, and returning once or twice, as undetermined in his resolution.

But then what a poor disconsolate object shall I live, without a wife to hover about me; to bind up my head, and bathe my temples! Oh! I am

K

impatient

66 EVERY ONE HAS HIS FAULT:

impatient for all the chartered rights, privileges, and immunities of a married man. *[Exit.]*

Sir ROBERT.

Furies! racks! torments!—I cannot bear what I feel, and yet I am ashamed to own I feel any thing!

Enter Mr. PLACID.

PLACID.

My dear Sir Robert, give me joy. Mrs. Placid and I are come to the very point you advised; matters are in the fairest way for a separation.

Sir ROBERT.

I do give you joy and most sincerely.—You are right; you will soon be as happy as I am. *Sighing.*] But would you suppose it? that deluded woman, my wife, is going to be married again! I thought she had had enough of me!

PLACID.

You are hurt, I see, lest the world should say she has forgot you.

Sir ROBERT.

She cannot forget me; I defy her to forget me.

PLACID.

Who is her intended husband?

Sir ROBERT.

Solus, Solus. An old man—an ugly man. He left me this moment, and owned it—owned it! Go after him, will you, and persuade him not to have her.

PLACID.

My advice will have no effect, for you know he is bent upon matrimony.

Sir

Sir ROBERT.

Then could not you, my dear Sir (as you are going to be separated), could not you recommend him to marry your wife?—It will be all the same to him, I dare say, and I shall like it much better.

PLACID.

Ours will not be a divorce, consider, but merely a separate maintenance. But were it otherwise, I wish no man so ill, as to wish him married to Mrs. Placid.

Sir ROBERT.

That is my case exactly, I wish no man so ill, as to wish him married to my Lady Ramble; and poor old Solus in particular, poor old man! a very good sort of man—I have a great friendship for Solus.—I can't stay a moment in the house—I must go somewhere—I'll go to Solus—No, I'll go to Lord Norland—No, I will go to Harmony; and then I'll call on you, and we'll take a bottle together; and when we are both free [*takes his hand*] we'll join, from that moment we'll join, to laugh at, to contemn, to despise all those who boast of the joys of conjugal love. [*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

A C T IV.

SCENE I. *An Apartment at Mr. HARMONY'S.*

Enter Mr. HARMONY.

HARMONY.

AND now, for one of the most painful tasks that brotherly love ever draws upon me ; to tell another the suit, of which I gave him hope, has failed.—Yet, if I can but overcome Captain Irwin's delicacy so far, as to prevail on him to accept one proof more of my good wishes towards him ;—but to a man of his nice sense of obligations, the offer must be made with caution.

Enter Lord NORLAND.

Lord NORLAND.

Mr. Harmony, I beg your pardon : I come in thus abruptly, from the anxiety I feel concerning what passed between us this morning in respect to Miss Wooburn. You have not changed your mind, I hope ?

HARMONY.

Indeed, my Lord, I am very sorry that it will not be in my power to oblige you.

Lord NORLAND, in anger.

How, Sir ? Did not you give me your word ?

HARMONY.

Only conditionally, my Lord.

Lord NORLAND.

And what were the conditions ?

HARMONY.

HARMONY.

Have you forgot them? Her former husband—

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

Sir Robert Ramble is in his carriage at the door, and, if you are at leisure, will come in.

HARMONY.

Desire him to walk up. I have your leave, I suppose, my Lord? *[Exit Servant.]*

Lord NORLAND.

Yes; but let me get out of the house without meeting him. *[Going to the opposite door]* Can I go this way?

HARMONY.

Why should you shun him?

Lord NORLAND.

Because he used his wife ill.

HARMONY.

He did. But I believe he is very sorry for it.—And as for you,—he said to me only a few hours ago—but no matter.

Lord NORLAND.

What did he say? I insist upon knowing.

HARMONY.

Why then he said, “that if he had a sacred trust to repose in any one, *you* should be the man on earth, to whom he would confide it.”

Lord NORLAND.

Well, I am in no hurry; I can stay a few minutes.

Enter Sir ROBERT RAMBLE.

Sir ROBERT.

Oh! Harmony! I am in such a distracted state
of

of mind—[*Seeing Lord Norland, he starts, and bows with the most humble respect.*]

Lord NORLAND.

Sir Robert, how do you do?

Sir ROBERT.

My Lord, I am pretty well.—I hope I have the happiness of seeing your Lordship in perfect health.

Lord NORLAND.

Very well, Sir, I thank you.

Sir ROBERT.

Indeed, my Lord, I think I never saw you look better.

Lord NORLAND.

Mr. Harmony, you and Sir Robert may have some business—I'll wish you a good morning.

HARMONY.

No, my Lord, I fancy Sir Robert has nothing particular.

Sir ROBERT.

Nothing, nothing, I assure you, my Lord.

Lord NORLAND.

However, I have business myself in another place, and so you will excuse me. [Going.]

Sir ROBERT, following him.

My Lord—Lord Norland,—I trust you will excuse my enquiries.—I hope, my Lord, all your family are well?

Lord NORLAND.

All very well.

Sir ROBERT.

Your little Élève, — Master Edward, — the young Gentleman you have adopted—I hope he is well—

well—[*hesitating and confused*] And—your Ward,
—Miss Wooburn—I hope, my Lord, she is
well?

Lord NORLAND.

Yes, Sir Robert, Miss Wooburn is tolerably
well.

Sir ROBERT.

Only tolerably, my Lord? I am sorry for that.

HARMONY.

I hope, my Lord, you will excuse my mentioning the subject; but I was telling Sir Robert just now, of your intentions respecting a second marriage for that Lady; but Sir Robert does not appear to approve of the design.

Lord NORLAND.

What objection can *he* have?

Sir ROBERT.

My Lord, there are such a number of bad husbands;—there are such a number of dissipated, unthinking, unprincipled men!—And—I should be extremely sorry to see any Lady with whom I have had the honour of being so closely allied, united to one who would undervalue her worth.

Lord NORLAND.

Pray, Sir Robert, were you not then extremely sorry for her, while she was united to you?

Sir ROBERT.

Very sorry for her indeed, my Lord. But, at that time, my mind was so much taken up with other cares, I own I did not feel the compassion which was her due; but, now that I am single, I shall have leisure to pay her more attention; and should I find her unhappy, it must, inevitably, make me so.

Lord

Lord NORLAND.

Depend upon it, that on the present occasion, I shall take infinite care in the choice of her husband.

Sir ROBERT.

If your Lordship would permit me to have an interview with Miss Wooburn, I think I should be able at least—

Lord NORLAND.

You would not sure insult her by your preference?

Sir ROBERT.

—I think I should be able at least to point out an object worthy of her taste—I know what she will like better than any body in the world.

Lord NORLAND.

Her request has been, that I may point her out a husband the reverse of you.

Sir ROBERT.

Then, upon my honour, my Lord, she won't like him.

Lord NORLAND.

Have not you liked women the reverse of her?

Sir ROBERT.

Yes, my Lord, perhaps I have, and perhaps I still do. I do not pretend to love *her*; I did not say I did; nay I positively protest I do not; but this indifference I acknowledge as one of my faults; and, notwithstanding all my faults, give me leave to acknowledge my gratitude that your Lordship has nevertheless been pleased to declare you think my virtues are numberless. [*Lord Norland shews surprize.*]

HARMONY, *aside to Sir Robert.*

Hush, hush!—Don't talk of your virtues now.

I

Lord

Lord NORLAND.

Sir Robert, to all this incoherent language, this is my answer, this is my will : The Lady, to whom I have had the honour to be guardian, shall never (while she calls me friend) see you more.

[Sir Robert, at this sentence, stands silent for some time, then, suddenly recollecting himself]

Sir ROBERT.

Lord Norland, I am too well acquainted with the truth of your word, and the firmness of your temper, to press my suit one sentence farther.

Lord NORLAND.

I commend your discernment.

Sir ROBERT.

My Lord, I feel myself a little embarrassed.—I am afraid I have made myself a little ridiculous upon this occasion—Will your Lordship do me the favour to forget it?

Lord NORLAND.

I will forget whatever you please.

HARMONY *following him, whispers.*

I am sorry to see you going away in despair.

Sir ROBERT.

I never did despair in my life, Sir ; and while a woman is the object of my wishes, I never will.

[Exit.]

Lord NORLAND.

What did he say?

HARMONY.

That he thought your conduct that of a just and an upright man.

Lord NORLAND.

To say the truth, he has gone away with better

L

manners

manners than I could have imagined, considering his jealousy is provoked.

HARMONY.

Ah ! I always knew he loved his wife, notwithstanding his behaviour to her ; for, if you remember—he always spoke well of her behind her back.

Lord NORLAND.

No, I do not remember it.

HARMONY.

Yes, he did ; and that is the only criterion of a man's love, or of his friendship.

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

A young gentleman is at the door, Sir, enquiring for Lord Norland.

Lord NORLAND.

Who can it be ?

HARMONY.

Your young gentleman from home, I dare say. Desire him to walk in. Bring him here.

[*Exit* Servant.]

Lord NORLAND.

What business can he have to follow me ?

Enter EDWARD.

EDWARD.

Oh, my Lord, I beg your pardon for coming hither ; but I come to tell you something you will be glad to hear.

HARMONY.

Good Heaven, how like his mother !

Lord

Lord NORLAND.

Taking him by the hand.

I begin to think he is—but he was not so when I first took him. No, no, if he had, he would not have been thus near me now;—but to turn him away because his countenance is a little changed, I think would not be right.

EDWARD, *to* HARMONY.

Pray, Sir, did you know my mother?

HARMONY.

I have seen her.

EDWARD.

Did *you* ever see her, my Lord?

Lord NORLAND.

I thought you had orders never to enquire about your parents? Have you forgot those orders?

EDWARD.

No, my Lord; but when this gentleman said I was like my mother—it put me in mind of her.

HARMONY.

You do not remember your mother, do you?

EDWARD.

Sometimes I think I do. I think sometimes I remember her kissing me, when she and my father went on board of a ship; and so hard she pressed me—I think I feel it now.

HARMONY.

Perhaps she was the only Lady that ever saluted you?

EDWARD.

No, Sir; not by many.

Lord NORLAND.

But pray, young man (to have done with this subject),

subject), what brought you here ? You seem to have forgot your errand ?

EDWARD.

And so I had, upon my word. Speaking of my mother, put it quite out of my head.—But, my Lord, I came to let you know, the robber who stopped you last night is taken.

Lord NORLAND.

I am glad to hear it.

EDWARD.

I knew you would ; and therefore I begged to be the first to tell you.

HARMONY, *to Lord Norland.*

Should you know the person again ?

Lord NORLAND.

I cannot say I should, his face seemed so much distorted.

HARMONY.

Ay, wretched man ! I suppose with terror.

Lord NORLAND.

No ; it appeared a different passion from fear.

EDWARD.

Perhaps, my Lord, it was *your* fear that made you think so.

Lord NORLAND.

No, Sir, I was not frightened.

EDWARD.

Then why did you give him your money ?

Lord NORLAND.

It was surprise, caused me to do that.

EDWARD.

I wondered what it was ! You said it was not fear, and I was sure it could not be love.

HARMONY,

HARMONY.

How has he been taken?

EDWARD.

A person came to our steward, and informed against him;—and, Oh! my Lord, his poor wife told the officers who took him, they had met with misfortunes, which she feared had caused a fever in her husband's head; and, indeed, they found him too ill to be removed; and so, she hoped, she said, “that as a man not in his perfect mind, you would be merciful to him.”

Lord NORLAND.

I will be just.

EDWARD.

And that is being merciful, is it not, my Lord?

Lord NORLAND.

Not always.

EDWARD.

I thought it had been.—It is not *just* to be unmerciful, is it?

Lord NORLAND.

Certainly not.

EDWARD.

Then it must be *just*, to have mercy.

Lord NORLAND.

You draw a false conclusion. Great as is the virtue of *mercy*, *justice* is greater still. *Justice* holds its place among those cardinal virtues which include all the lesser.—Come, Mr. Harmony, will you go home with me? And before I attend to this business, let me persuade you to forget there is such a person in the world as Sir Robert, and suffer me to introduce you to Miss Wooburn, as the man who—

HARMONY.

HARMONY.

I beg to be excused—Besides the consideration of Sir Robert, I have another reason why I cannot go with you. The melancholy tale which this young gentleman has been telling, has cast a gloom on my spirits which renders me unfit for the society of a Lady.

Lord NORLAND.

Now I should not be surpris'd were you to go in search of this culprit and his family, and come to me to intreat me to forego the prosecution; but, before you ask me, I tell you it is in vain—I will not.

HARMONY.

Lord Norland, I have lately been so unsuccessful in my petitions to you, I shall never presume to interpose between your rigour and a weak sufferer more.

Lord NORLAND.

Plead the cause of the good, and I will listen; but you find none but the wicked for your compassion.

HARMONY.

The good in all states, even in the very jaws of death, are objects of envy; it is the bad who are the only real sufferers: There, where no internal consolation cheers, who can refuse a little external comfort?—And let me tell you, my Lord, that amidst all your authority, your state, your grandeur, I often pity you. [*Speaking with unaffected compassion.*]

Lord NORLAND.

Good-day, Mr. Harmony; and when you have apologis'd for what you have said, we may be friends again. [*Exit, leading off Edward.*]

HARMONY.

HARMONY.

Nay, hear my apology now. I cannot—no, it is not in my nature to live in resentment, nor under the resentment of any creature in the world.

[Exit, following Lord Norland.]

SCENE II. *An Apartment at Lord NORLAND'S.*

Enter Sir ROBERT RAMBLE, followed by a Servant.

Sir ROBERT.

Do not say who it is—but say a Gentleman who has some very particular business with her.

SERVANT.

Yes, Sir. [Going.]

Sir ROBERT.

Pray, [*Servant returns*—You are but lately come into this service, I believe?

SERVANT.

Only a few days, Sir.

Sir ROBERT.

You don't know me, then?

SERVANT.

No, Sir.

Sir ROBERT.

I am very glad of it. So much the better. Go to Miss Wooburn, with a Stranger's compliments who is waiting, and who begs to speak with her upon an affair of importance.

SERVANT.

Yes, Sir.

[Exit.]

Sir ROBERT.

I wish I may die if I don't feel very unaccountably! How different are our sensations towards

our wives, and all other women ! This is the very first time she has given me a palpitation since the honey-moon.

Enter Miss WOOBURN, who starts on seeing Sir Robert ;—he bows in great confusion.

Miss WOOBURN.

Support me, Heaven ! [*Aside.*]

Sir ROBERT,

Bows repeatedly, and does not speak till after many efforts.

Was ever man in such confusion before his wife ! [*Aside.*]

Miss WOOBURN.

Sir Robert, having recovered in some measure, from the surprise into which this intrusion first threw me, I have only to say, that whatever pretence may have induced you to offer me this insult, there is not any that can oblige me to bear with it, [*Going.*]

Sir ROBERT.

Lady Ramb—[*recalling himself*] Miss Woo—
[*She turns*] Lady Ramble—[*recalling himself again*]
Miss Wooburn—Madam—You wrong me—
There was a time when I insulted you, I confess ;
but it is impossible that time should ever return.

Miss WOOBURN.

While I stay with you, I incur the danger.

[*Going.*]

Sir ROBERT, holding her.

Nay, listen to me as a friend, whom you have so often heard as an enemy.—You offered me a favour by the hands of Mr. Harmony——

Miss WOOBURN.

And is this the motive of your visit—this the return—

Sir

Sir ROBERT.

No, Madam, that obligation was not the motive which drew me hither—The real cause of this seeming intrusion is—you are going to be married once more, and I come to warn you of your danger.

Miss WOOBURN.

That you did sufficiently in the marriage-state.

Sir ROBERT.

But now I come to offer you advice that may be of the most material consequence, should you really be determined to yield yourself again into the power of a husband.

Miss WOOBURN.

Which I most assuredly am.

Sir ROBERT.

Happy, happy man ! How much is he the object of my envy ! None so well as I, know how to envy him, because none so well as I, know how to value you. [*She offers to go*] Nay, by Heaven you shall not go till you have heard all that I came to say !

Miss WOOBURN.

Speak it then instantly.

Sir ROBERT.

No, it would take whole ages to speak ; and should we live together, as long as we *have* lived together, still I should not find time to tell you—how much I love you.

[*A loud rapping at the street-door.*]

Miss WOOBURN.

That, I hope, is Lord Norland.

Sir ROBERT.

And what has Lord Norland to do with souls
M free

82 EVERY ONE HAS HIS FAULT :

free as ours ? Let us go to Scotland again ; and again bid defiance to his stern commands.

Miss WOOBURN.

Be assured, that through him only, will I ever listen to a syllable you have to utter.

Sir ROBERT.

One syllable only, and I am gone that instant.

Miss WOOBURN.

Well, Sir ?

[He hesitates, trembles, seems to struggle with himself ; then approaching her slowly, timidly, and as if ashamed of his humiliation, kneels to her—She turns away.]

Sir ROBERT, kneeling.

Maria, Maria, look at me !—Look at me in this humble state—Could you have suspected this, Maria ?

Miss WOOBURN.

No : nor can I conceive what this mockery means.

Sir ROBERT.

It means, that now you are no longer my wife, you are my Goddess ; and thus I offer you my supplication, that, (if you are resolved not to live single) amongst the numerous train who present their suit, you will once more select me.

Miss WOOBURN.

You !—You who have treated me with cruelty ; who made no secret of your love for others—but gloried, boasted of your gallantries ?

Sir ROBERT.

I did, I did—But here I swear, only trust me again—do but once more trust me, and I swear
by

by all I hold most sacred, that I will for the future carefully conceal all my gallantries from your knowledge—though they were ten times more frequent than before.

Enter EDWARD.

EDWARD.

Oh, my dear Miss Wooburn—What! Sir Robert here too! [*Goes to Sir Robert and shakes hands*] How do you do, Sir Robert? Who would have thought of seeing you here? I am glad to see you though, with all my heart; and so I dare say is Miss Wooburn, though she may not like to say so.

Miss WOOBURN.

You are impertinent, Sir.

EDWARD.

What, for coming in? I will go away then.

Sir ROBERT.

Do, do—There's a good boy—do.

EDWARD, *going, returns.*

I cannot help laughing, though, to see you two together!—for you know you never were together when you lived in the same house.

Sir ROBERT.

Leave the room instantly, Sir, or I shall call Lord Norland.

EDWARD.

Oh, don't take that trouble, I will call him myself. [*Runs to the door*]—My Lord, my Lord, pray come here this moment—As I am alive, here is Sir Robert Ramble along with Lady Ramble!

Enter Lord NORLAND.

Sir Robert looks confounded, Lord Norland points to Edward to leave the room.

[*Exit Edward.*

M 2

Lord

Lord NORLAND.

Sir Robert, on what pretence do you come hither?

Sir ROBERT.

On the same pretence, as when I was for the first time admitted into your house; to solicit this Lady's hand. And, after having had it once, no force shall compel me to take a refusal.

Lord NORLAND.

I will try however—Madam, quit the room instantly.

Sir ROBERT.

My Lord, she shall not quit it.

Lord NORLAND.

I command her to go.

Sir ROBERT.

And I command her to stay.

Lord NORLAND.

Which of us will you obey?

Miss WOOBURN.

My inclination, my Lord, disposes me to obey you;—but I have so lately been accustomed to obey him, that *custom* inclines me to obey him still.

Sir ROBERT.

There! There! There, my Lord! Now I hope you will understand better for the future, and not attempt to interfere between a man and his wife.

Lord NORLAND, to her.

Be explicit in your answer to this question—
Will you consent to be his wife?

Miss WOOBURN.

No, never.

Sir

Sir ROBERT.

Zounds, my Lord! now you are hurrying matters.—You should do it by gentle means;—let me ask her gently. [*With a most soft voice*] Maria, Maria, will you be my wife once again?

Miss WOOBURN.

Never.

Sir ROBERT.

So you said seven years ago when I asked you, and yet you consented.

Lord NORLAND.

And now, Sir Robert, you have had your answer; leave my house. [*Going up to him.*]

Sir ROBERT.

Yes, Sir; but not without my other half.

Lord NORLAND.

“Your other half?”

Sir ROBERT.

Yes; the wife of my bosom—the wife, whom I swore at the altar “to love and to cherish, “and, forsaking all others, cleave only to her as “long as we both should live.”

Lord NORLAND.

You broke your oath, and made the contract void.

Sir ROBERT.

But I am ready to take another oath; and another after that, and another after that—And, Oh, my dear Maria, be propitious to my vows, and give me hopes you will again be mine. [*He goes to her, and kneels in the most supplicating attitude.*]

Enter EDWARD, shewing in Mr. SOLUS and Mr. PLACID; Edward points to Sir Robert (who has his back to them) and goes off.

Sir ROBERT,

Still on his knees, and not perceiving their entrance.

I cannot live without you.—Receive your penitent husband, thus humbly acknowledging his faults, and imploring you to accept him once again.

SOLUS,

Going up to Sir Robert.

Now, is it wonderful that I should want a wife?

PLACID.

And is it to be wondered at, if I should hesitate about parting with mine?

Sir ROBERT.

Starts up in great confusion.

Mr. Solus, Mr. Placid, I am highly displeased that my private actions should be thus inspected.

SOLUS.

No one shall persuade me now, to live a day without a wife.

PLACID.

And no one shall persuade me now, not to be content with my own.

SOLUS.

I will procure a special licence, and marry the first woman I meet.

Sir ROBERT.

Mr. Solus, you are, I believe, interested in a peculiar manner, about the marriage of this Lady.

SOLUS.

And, poor man, you are sick, and want somebody

body to "bathe your temples," and to "hover about you."

Miss WOOBURN.

You come in most opportunely, my dear Mr. Solus, to be a witness——

Sir ROBERT,

"My dear Mr. Solus!"

SOLUS.

To be a witness, Madam, that a man is miserable without a wife. I have been a fatal instance of that, for some time.

Miss WOOBURN.

Come to me then, and receive a lesson.

Sir ROBERT.

No, Madam, he shall not come to you; nor shall he receive a lesson. No one shall receive a lesson from you, but me.

Lord NORLAND.

Sir Robert, one would suppose by this extraordinary behaviour, you were jealous.

Sir ROBERT.

And so I am, my Lord; I have cause to be so.

Lord NORLAND.

No cause to be jealous of Mr. Solus—He is not Miss Wooburn's lover, I assure you.

Sir ROBERT.

Then, my Lord, I verily believe it is yourself. Yes, I can see it is; I can see it by her eyes, and by every feature in your face.

Miss WOOBURN.

Oh! my good friend, Mr. Placid, only listen to him,

Sir

Sir ROBERT.

And why, "my good friend, Mr. Placid?" [*To Placid.* By Heavens, Sir, I believe that you only wished to get rid of your own wife, in order to marry mine.

PLACID.

I do not wish to part with my own wife, Sir Robert, since what I have just seen.

Sir ROBERT,

Going up to Solus and Lord Norland.

Then, pray, Gentlemen, be so good as to tell me, which of you two is the happy man, that I may know how to conduct myself towards him?

Miss WOOBURN.

Ha, ha, ha!

Sir ROBERT.

Do you insult me, Maria?—Oh! have pity on my sufferings.

SOLUS.

If you have a mind to kneel down again, we will go out of the room.

PLACID.

Just as I was comforting myself with the prospect of a divorce, I find my instructor and director pleading on his knees to be remarried.

Enter Mrs. PLACID,

Who steals upon Mr. Placid unperceived.

Mrs. PLACID.

What were you saying about a divorce?

Sir ROBERT.

Now, down on *your* knees, and beg pardon.

Miss WOOBURN.

My dear Mrs. Placid, if this visit is to me, I take it very kind.

Mrs.

Mrs. PLACID.

Not absolutely to you, my dear. I saw Mr. Placid's carriage at the door, and so I stepped in to desire him to go home. Go home directly.

PLACID.

Presently, my dear; I will go presently.

Mrs. PLACID.

Presently won't do: I say directly. There is a lady at my house in the greatest possible distress—*[whispers him]*—Lady Eleanor—I never saw a creature in such distraction; *[Raising her voice]*—therefore go home this moment; you shan't stay an instant longer.

SOLUS.

Egad, I don't know whether I will marry or no.

Mrs. PLACID.

Why don't you go, Mr. Placid, when I bid you?

SOLUS.

No;—I think I won't marry.

PLACID.

But, my dear, will not you go home with me?

Mrs. PLACID.

Did not I tell you to go by yourself?

[Placid bows and goes off.]

SOLUS.

No;—I am sure I won't marry.

Lord NORLAND.

And now, Mr. Solus and Sir Robert, these ladies may have some private conversation. Do me the favour to leave them alone.

Miss WOOBURN.

My Lord, with your leave we will retire. *[Turns*
N *when*

EVERY ONE HAS HIS FAULT:

when she gets to the door.] Sir Robert, I have remained in your company, and compelled myself to the painful task of hearing all you have had to say, merely for the satisfaction of exposing your love, and then enjoying the triumph of bidding you farewell for ever. *[Exit with Mrs. Placid.*

SOLUS,

Looking steadfastly at Sir Robert.

He turns pale at the thoughts of losing her. Yes, I think I'll marry.

Lord NORLAND.

Come, Sir Robert, it is in vain to loiter; your doom is fixed.

Sir ROBERT,

In a melancholy musing tone.

Shall I then never again know what it is to have a heart like her's, to repose my troubles on?

SOLUS.

Yes, I am pretty sure I'll marry.

Sir ROBERT.

—A friend in all my anxieties, a companion in all my pleasures, a physician in all my sicknesses—

SOLUS.

Yes, I *will* marry.

Lord NORLAND.

Come, come, Sir Robert, do not let you and I have any dispute. *[Leading him towards the door.*

Sir ROBERT.

Senseless man, not to value those blessings—Not to know how to estimate them, till they were lost.

[Lord Norland leads him off.

SOLUS, *following.*

Yes,—I am determined;—nothing shall prevent me—I will be married. *[Exit.*

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

A C T V.

SCENE I. *An Apartment at Lord NORLAND'S.**Enter HAMMOND, followed by Lady ELEANOR.*

HAMMOND.

MY Lord is busily engaged, Madam; I do not suppose he would see any one, much less a stranger.

Lady ELEANOR.

I am no stranger.

HAMMOND.

Your name then, Madam?

Lady ELEANOR.

That, I cannot send in. But tell him, Sir, I am the afflicted wife of a man, who for some weeks past has given many fatal proofs of a disordered mind. In one of those fits of phrensy, he held an instrument of death, meant for his own destruction; to the breast of your Lord (who by accident that moment passed), and took from him, what he vainly hoped might preserve his own life, and relieve the wants of his family. But his paroxysm over, he shrunk from what he had done, and gave the whole he had thus unwarrantably taken, into a servant's hands, to be returned to its lawful owner. The man, admitted to this confidence, betrayed his trust, and instead of giving up what was so sacredly delivered to him, secreted it; and, to obtain the promised reward, came to this house, but to inform against the wretched offender; who now, only resting on your Lord's clemency, can escape the direful fate he has incurred.

N 2

HAM-

HAMMOND.

Madam, the account you give, makes me interested in your behalf, and you may depend, I will repeat it all with the greatest exactness.

[*Exit Hammond.*]

Lady ELEANOR,
Looking around her.

This is my father's house! It is only through two rooms and one short passage, and there he is sitting in his study. Oh! in that study, where I (even in the midst of all his business) have been so often welcome; where I have urged the suit of many an unhappy person, nor ever urged in vain. Now I am not permitted to speak for myself, nor have one friendly voice to do that office for me, which I have so often undertaken for others.

Re-enter HAMMOND, EDWARD *following.*

HAMMOND.

My Lord says, that any petition concerning the person you come about, is in vain. His respect for the laws of his country demands an example such as he means to make.

Lady ELEANOR.

Am I, am I to despair then? [*To Hammond*]. Dear Sir, would you go once more to him, and humbly represent——

HAMMOND.

I should be happy to oblige you, but I dare not take any more messages to my Lord; he has given me my answer.—If you will give me leave, Madam, I'll see you to the door.

[*Crosses to the other side, and goes off.*]

Lady ELEANOR.

Misery—Distraction!—Oh, Mr. Placid! Oh,
Mr.

Mr. Harmony ! Are these the hopes you gave me, could I have the boldness to enter this house ? But you would neither of you undertake to bring me here!—neither of you undertake to speak for me!

She is following the Servant ; Edward walks softly after her, till she gets near the door ; he then takes hold of her gown, and gently pulls it ; she turns and looks at him.]

EDWARD.

Shall I speak for you, Madam ?

Lady ELEANOR.

Who are you, pray, young Gentleman ? Is it you, whom Lord Norland has adopted for his son ?

EDWARD.

I believe he has, Madam ; but he has never told me so yet.

Lady ELEANOR.

I am obliged to you for your offer ; but my suit is of too much consequence for *you* to undertake.

EDWARD.

I know what your suit is, Madam, because I was with my Lord when Hammond brought in your message ; and I was so sorry for you, I came out on purpose to see you—and, without speaking to my Lord, I could do you a great kindness—if I durst.

Lady ELEANOR.

What kindness ?

EDWARD.

But I durst not—No, do not ask me.

Lady ELEANOR.

I do not. But you have raised my curiosity ; and in a mind so distracted as mine, it is cruel to excite one additional pain.

EDWARD.

EDWARD:

I am sure I would not add to your grief for the world.—But then, pray do not speak of what I am going to say.—I heard my Lord's lawyer tell him just now, "that as he said he should not know the person again, who committed the offence about which you came, and as the man who informed against him is gone off, there could be no evidence that he did the action, but from a book, a particular pocket-book of my Lord's, which he forgot to deliver to his servant with the notes and money to return, and which was found upon him at your house: and this Lord Norland will affirm to be his."—Now, if I did not think I was doing wrong, this is the very book—*[Takes a pocket-book from his pocket]* I took it from my Lord's table;—but it would be doing wrong, or I am sure I wish you had it. *[Looking wishfully at her.]*

Lady ELEANOR.

It will save my life, my husband's, and my children's.

EDWARD, *trembling.*

But what is to become of me?

Lady ELEANOR.

That Providence who never punishes the deed, unless the *will* be an accomplice, shall protect you for saving one, who has only erred in a moment of distraction.

EDWARD.

I never did any thing to offend my Lord in my life;—and I am in such fear of him, I did not think I ever should.—Yet I cannot refuse *you*;—take it.—*[Gives her the book.]* But pity me, when my Lord shall know of it.

Lady

Lady ELEANOR.

Oh! should he discard you for what you have done, it will embitter every moment of my remaining life.

EDWARD.

Do not frighten yourself about that.—I think he loves me too well to discard me quite.

Lady ELEANOR.

Does he indeed?

EDWARD.

I think he does!—for often, when we are alone, he presses me to his bosom so fondly, you would not suppose.—And, when my poor nurse died, she called me to her bed-side, and told me (but pray keep it a secret)—she told me I was—his grand-child.

Lady ELEANOR.

You are—you are his grand-child—I see,—I feel you are;—for I feel that I am your mother, [*Embraces him.*] Oh! take this evidence back [*returning the book*—I cannot receive it from thee, my child;—no, let us all perish, rather than my boy, my only boy, should do an act to stain his conscience, or to lose his grandfather's love.

EDWARD.

What do you mean?

Lady ELEANOR.

The name of the person with whom you lived in your infancy, was Heyland?

EDWARD.

It was.

Lady ELEANOR.

I am your mother; Lord Norland's only child, [*Edward kneels*] who, for one act of disobedience, have been driven to another part of the globe in poverty,

poverty, and forced to leave you, my life, behind.
[She embraces and raises him.] Your father, in his struggles to support us all, has fallen a victim ;—but Heaven, which has preserved my child, will save my husband, restore his sense, and once more——

EDWARD *starting*.

I hear my Lord's step,—he is coming this way :
 —Begone, mother, or we are all undone.

Lady ELEANOR.

No, let him come—for though his frown should kill me, yet must I thank him for his care of thee.
[She advances towards the door to meet him.]

Enter Lord NORLAND.

Lady ELEANOR.

[Falling on her knees.] You love me,—'tis in vain to say you do not : You love my child ; and with whatever hardships you have dealt, or still mean to deal by me, I will never cease to think you love me, nor ever cease my gratitude for your goodness.

Lord NORLAND.

Where are my servants ? Who let this woman in ?

[She rises and retreats from him alarmed and confused.]

EDWARD.

Oh, my Lord, pity her.—Do not let me see her hardly treated—Indeed I cannot bear it.

Enter HAMMOND.

Lord NORLAND, to Lady Eleanor.

What was your errand here ? If to see your child, take him away with you.

Lady

Lady ELEANOR.

I came to see my father ;—I have a house too full of such as he already.

Lord NORLAND.

How did she gain admittance ?

HAMMOND.

With a petition, which I repeated to your Lordship. [Exit Hammond.]

Lord NORLAND.

Her husband then it was, who—[To Lady Eleanor] But let him know, for this boy's sake, I will no longer pursue him.

Lady ELEANOR.

For that boy's sake you will not pursue his father ; but for whose sake are you so tender of that boy ? 'Tis for mine, for my sake ; and by that I conjure you—[Offers to kneel.]

Lord NORLAND.

Your prayers are vain—[To Edward. Go, take leave of your mother *for ever*, and instantly follow me ; or shake hands with me for the last time, and instantly begone with her.

[Edward stands between them in doubt for some little time : looks alternately at each with emotions of affection ; at last goes to his grandfather, and takes hold of his hand.]

EDWARD.

Farewell, my Lord,—it almost breaks my heart to part from you ;—but if I have my choice, I must go with my mother.

[Exit Lord Norland instantly.]

[Lady Eleanor and her Son go off on the opposite side.]

O

SCENE

SCENE II. *Another Apartment at Lord NORLAND'S.**Enter Miss WOOBURN and Mrs. PLACID.**Mrs. PLACID.*

Well, my dear, farewell.—I have staid a great while longer than I intended—I certainly forgot to tell Mr. Placid to come back after he had spoken with Lady Eleanor, or he would not have taken the liberty not to have come.

Miss WOOBURN.

How often have I lamented the fate of Lord Norland's daughter! But, luckily, I have no personal acquaintance with her, or I should probably feel a great deal more on her account than I do at present.—She had quitted her father's house before I came to it.

*Enter Mr. HARMONY.**HARMONY.*

My whole life is passed in endeavouring to make people happy, and yet they won't let me.—I flattered myself, that after I had resigned all pretensions to you, Miss Wooburn, in order to accommodate Sir Robert—that, after I had told both my Lord and him, in what high estimation they stood in each other's opinion, they would of course be friends; or, at least not have come to any desperate quarrel:—instead of which, what have they done, but, within this hour, had a duel!—and poor Sir Robert—

Miss WOOBURN.

For Heaven's sake, tell me of Sir Robert

HARMONY.

You were the only person he mentioned after
he

he received his wound ; and such encomiums as he uttered——

Miss WOOBURN.

Good Heaven ! If he is in danger, it will be vain to endeavour to conceal what I shall suffer.

[Retires a few paces to conceal her emotions.]

Mrs. PLACID.

Was my husband there ?

HARMONY.

He was one of the seconds.

Mrs. PLACID.

Then he shall not stir out of his house this month, for it.

HARMONY.

He is not likely ; for he is hurt too.

Mrs. PLACID.

A great deal hurt ?

HARMONY.

Don't alarm yourself.

Mrs. PLACID.

I don't.

HARMONY.

Nay, if you had heard what he said !

Mrs. PLACID.

What did he say ?

HARMONY.

How tenderly he spoke of you to all his friends——

Mrs. PLACID.

But what did he say ?

HARMONY.

He said you had imperfections.

Mrs. PLACID.

Then he told a falsehood.

HARMONY.

But he acknowledged they were such as only evinced a superior understanding to the rest of your sex ;—and that your heart——

Mrs. PLACID,

Bursting into tears.

I am sure I am very sorry that any misfortune has happened to him, poor silly man ! But I don't suppose [*drying up her tears at once*] he'll die.

HARMONY.

If you will behave kindly to him, I should suppose not.

Mrs. PLACID.

Mr. Harmony, if Mr. Placid is either dying or dead, I shall behave with very great tenderness ; but if I find him alive and likely to live, I will lead him such a life as he has not led a long time.

HARMONY.

Then you mean to be kind ? But, my dear Miss Wooburn, [*going to her*] why this seeming grief ? Sir Robert is still living ; and should he die of his wounds, you may at least console yourself, that it was not your cruelty which killed him.

Miss WOOBURN.

Rather than have such a weight on my conscience, I would comply with the most extravagant of his desires, and suffer *his* cruelty to be the death of me.

HARMONY.

If those are your sentiments, it is my advice that you pay him a visit in his affliction.

Miss

Miss WOOBURN.

Oh no, Mr. Harmony, I would not for the universe. Mrs. Placid, do you think it would be proper?

Mrs. PLACID.

No, I think it would not—Consider, my dear, you are no longer a wife, but a single woman, and would you run into the clutches of a man?

HARMONY.

He has no clutches, Madam; he is ill in bed, and totally helpless.—But, upon recollection, it would, perhaps, be needless to go; for he may be too ill to admit you.

Miss WOOBURN.

If that is the case, all respect to my situation, my character, sinks before the strong desire of seeing him once more. Oh! were I ev'n married to another, I feel, that in spite of all my private declarations, or public vows, I should fly from him, to pay my duty where it was first plighted.

HARMONY.

My coach is at the door; shall I take you to his house? Come, Mrs. Placid, wave all ceremonious motives on the present melancholy occasion, and go along with Miss Wooburn and me.

Miss WOOBURN.

But, Mrs. Placid, perhaps poor Mr. Placid is in want of your attendance at home.

HARMONY.

No, they were both carried in the same carriage to Sir Robert's.

Miss WOOBURN,

As Harmony leads her to the door.

Oh! how I long to see my dear husband, that I may console him!

Mrs.

Mrs. PLACID.

Oh! how I long to see my dear husband, that I may quarrel with him! [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *The Hall at Sir ROBERT RAMBLE'S.*

The PORTER discovered asleep.

Enter a FOOTMAN.

FOOTMAN.

Porter, porter, how can you sleep at this time of the day?—It is only eight o'clock.

PORTER.

What did you want, Mr. William?

FOOTMAN.

To tell you my master must not be disturbed, and so you must not let in a single creature.

PORTER.

Mr. William, this is no less than the third time I have received those orders within this half hour:—First, from the butler, then from the valet, and now from the footman.—Do you all suppose I am stupid?

FOOTMAN.

I was bid to tell you. I have only done what I was desired; and mind you do the same. [Exit.

PORTER.

I'll do my duty, I warrant you. I'll do my duty. [A loud rapping at the door] And there's a rap to put my duty to the trial. [Opens the door.

Enter HARMONY, Miss WOObURN, and Mrs. PLACID.

HARMONY.

These ladies come on a visit to Sir Robert. Desire

Desire one of the servants to conduct them to him instantly.

PORTER.

Indeed, Sir, that is impossible—My master is not——

HARMONY.

We know he is at home, and therefore we can take no denial.

PORTER.

I own he is at home, Sir; but indeed he is not in a situation——

Miss WOOBURN.

We know his situation.

PORTER.

Then, Madam, you must suppose he is not to be disturbed. I have strict orders not to let in a single soul.

HARMONY.

This lady, you must be certain, is an exception.

PORTER.

No Lady can be an exception in my master's present state; for I believe, Sir, but perhaps I should not speak of it, I believe my master is nearly gone.

Miss WOOBURN.

Oh! support me, Heaven!

Mrs. PLACID.

But has he his senses?

PORTER.

Not very clearly, I believe.

Miss WOOBURN.

Oh! Mr. Harmony, let me see him before they are quite lost.

PORTER.

It is as much as my place is worth, to let a creature farther than this hall; for my master is but in the next room.

Mrs. PLACID.

That is a dining-room. Is not he in bed?

HARMONY,

Afide to the Ladies.

In cases of wounds, the patient is oftentimes propped up in his chair.

Miss WOOBURN.

Does he talk at all?

PORTER.

Yes, Madam, I heard him just now very loud.

Miss WOOBURN *listening*.

I think I hear him rave.

HARMONY.

No, that murmuring is the voice of other persons.

Mrs. PLACID.

The Physicians in consultation, I apprehend.—Has he taken any thing?

PORTER.

A great deal, I believe, Madam.

Mrs. PLACID.

No amputation, I hope?

PORTER.

What, Madam?

HARMONY.

He does not understand you. [*To Miss Wooburn.*—Come, will you go back?

PORTER.

Do, my Lady, and call in the morning.

Miss WOOBURN.

By that time he may be totally insensible, and
die

die without knowing how much I am attached to him.

Mrs. PLACID.

And my husband may die without knowing how angry I am with him!—Mr. Harmony, never mind this foolish man, but force your way into the next room.

PORTER.

Indeed, Sir, you must not. Pray, Mr. Harmony, pray, Ladies, go away.

Miss WOOBURN.

Yes, I must go from my husband's house for ever; never to see that, or him again.

[Faints on Mr. Harmony.

Mrs. PLACID.

She is fainting—open the windows—give her air.

PORTER.

Pray go away:—There is plenty of air in the streets, Ma'am.

HARMONY.

Scoundrel! Your impertinence is insupportable. Open these doors; I insist on their being opened.

[He thrusts at a door in the centre of the stage; it opens, and discovers Sir Robert and Mr. Placid at a table surrounded by a company of Gentlemen.]

Sir ROBERT.

A song—a song—another song——

[Miss Wooburn, all astonishment, is supported by Mr. Harmony and Mrs. Placid—the Porter runs off.]

Ah! what do I see!—Women! Ladies! Celestial beings we were talking of.—Can this be real?

[Sir Robert and Mr. Placid come forward—Sir Robert perceiving it is Miss Wooburn, turns himself to the company] Gentlemen, Gentlemen, mar-

P

ried

ried men and single men, hear me thus publicly renounce every woman on earth but this; and swear henceforward to be devoted to none but my own wife. *[Goes to her in raptures.]*

PLACID,

Looking at Mrs. Placid, then turning to the Company.

Gentlemen, Gentlemen, married men and single men, hear me thus publicly declare, I will henceforth be master;—and from this time forward, will be obeyed by my wife. *[Sir Robert waves his hand, and the door is closed on the company of Gentlemen.]*

Mrs. PLACID.

Mr. Placid—Mr. Placid, are you not afraid?

PLACID.

No, Madam; I have consulted my friends, I have drank two bottles of wine, and I never intend to be afraid again.

Miss WOOBURN, to Sir Robert.

Can it be, that I see you without a wound?

Sir ROBERT.

No, my life, that you do not; for I have a wound through my heart, which none but you can cure. But in despair of your aid, I have flown to wine, to give me a temporary relief by the loss of reflection.

Mrs. PLACID.

Mr. Placid, you will be sober in the morning.

PLACID.

Yes, my dear; and I will take care that you shall be dutiful in the morning.

HARMONY.

For shame! How can you treat Mrs. Placid thus? You would not, if you knew what kind things she has been saying of you; and how anxious she

she was when I told her you were wounded in a duel.

Mrs. PLACID.

Was not I, Mr. Harmony? [*Bursting into tears.*

PLACID,

Aside to Harmony and Sir Robert.

I did not know she could cry;—I never saw it before, and it has made me sober in an instant.

Miss WOOBURN.

Mr. Placid, I rely on you to conduct me immediately from this house.

Sir ROBERT.

That I protest against; and will use even violent measures to prevent it.

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

Lord Norland.

Enter Lord NORLAND.

Miss WOOBURN.

He will protect me.

Sir ROBERT.

Who shall protect you in my house but I? My Lord, she is under my protection; and if you offer to take her from me, I'll exert the authority of a husband, and lock her up.

Lord NORLAND, to Miss WOOBURN.

Have you been deluded hither, and wish to leave the place with me? Tell me instantly, that I may know how to act.

Miss WOOBURN.

My Lord, I am ready to go with you, but——

HARMONY.

—But you find she is inclined to stay;—and do have

some compassion upon two people that are so fond of you.

Enter Mr. SOLUS, dressed in a suit of white clothes.

SOLUS.

I am married !—I am married !—With me joy !
I am married !

Sir ROBERT.

I cannot give you joy, for envy.

SOLUS.

Nay, I do not know whether you will envy me much when you see my spouse—I cannot say she was exactly my choice. However, she is my wife now; and that is a name so endearing, I think I love her better since the ceremony has been performed.

Mrs. PLACID.

And pray, when did it take place ?

SOLUS.

This moment. We are now returning from a friend's house, where we have been joined; and I felt myself so happy, I could not pass Sir Robert's door, without calling to tell him of my good fortune.—And, as I see your Lady here, Sir Robert, I guess you are just married too; and so I'll hand my wife out of the carriage, and introduce the two Brides to each other. *[Exit Solus.]*

Sir ROBERT,

You see, my Lord, what construction Mr. Solus has put on this Lady's visit to me. And by Heaven if you take her away, it will be said, that she came and offered herself, and that I rejected her !

Miss WOOBURN.

Such a report would kill me.

Enter

Enter SOLUS, leading on Miss SPINSTER.

SOLUS.

Mistress Solus.

[Introducing her.]

HARMONY, *starting.*

My relation! Dear Madam, by what strange turn of fortune do I see you become a wife?

Mrs. SOLUS.

Mr. Harmony, it is a weakness I acknowledge; but you can never want an excuse for me, when you call to mind "the scarcity of provisions."

SOLUS.

Mr. Harmony, I have loved her ever since you told me she spoke so well of me behind my back.

Enter SERVANT,

And whispers Mr. HARMONY, who follows him off.

Lord NORLAND.

I agree with you, Mr. Solus, that this is a most excellent proof of a person's disposition; and in consideration, Sir Robert, that, throughout all our many disagreements, you have still preserved a respect for my character in my absence, I do at last say to that Lady, she has my consent to trust you again.

Sir ROBERT.

And she will trust me; I see it in her smiles.
Oh! unexpected ecstasy!

Enter Mr. HARMONY.

HARMONY,

Holding a letter in his hand.

Amidst the bright prospects of joy which this company are contemplating, I come to announce an event that ought to cloud the splendour of the horizon.—A worthy, but an ill-fated, man, whom
you

you were all acquainted with, has just breathed his last.

Lord NORLAND.

Do you mean the husband of my daughter?

SOLUS.

Do you mean my nephew?

PLACID.

Is it my friend?

Sir ROBERT.

And my old acquaintance?

HARMONY.

Did Mr. Irwin possess all those titles you have given him, Gentlemen? Was he your son? [*To Lord Norland*] Your nephew? [*To Solus*] Your friend? [*To Mr. Placid*] And your old acquaintance? [*To Sir Robert*]*—How strange he did not know it!*

PLACID.

He did know it.

HARMONY.

Still more strange that he should die for want, and not apply to any of you!

SOLUS.

What! Die for want in London! Starve in the midst of plenty!

HARMONY.

No; but he seized that plenty, where law, where honour, where every social and religious tie forbade the trespass; and in punishment of the guilt, has become his own executioner.

Lord NORLAND.

Then my daughter is wretched, and her boy involved in his father's infamy.

SOLUS.

The fear of his ghost haunting me, will disturb the joys of my married life.

PLACID.

Mrs. Placid, Mrs. Placid, my complying with your injunctions in respect of Mr. Irwin, will make me miserable for ever.

Miss WOOBURN.

I wish he had applied to me.

Sir ROBERT.

And as I refused him his request, I would give half my estate he had *not* applied to me.

HARMONY.

And a man who always spoke so well of you all behind your backs!—I dare say that, in his dying moments, there was not one of you whom he did not praise for some virtue.

SOLUS.

No, no—when he was dying he would be more careful of what he said.

Lord NORLAND.

Sir Robert, good day. Settle your marriage as you and your Lady shall approve; you have my good wishes. But my spirits have received too great a shock to be capable of any other impression at present.

Miss WOOBURN,

Holding him.

Nay, stay, my Lord.

SOLUS.

And, Mrs. Solus, let me hand you into your carriage to your company; but excuse my going home with you. My spirits have received too
great

great a shock, to be capable of any other impression at present.

HARMONY,
Stopping Solus.

Now, so loth am I to see any of you, only for a moment, in grief, while I have the power to relieve you, that I cannot help—Yes, my philanthropy will get the better of my justice.

[Goes to the door, and leads on Lady Eleanor, Irwin, and Edward.]

LORD NORLAND
Runs to Irwin, and embraces him.

My son! *[Irwin falls on his knees]* I take a share in all your offences—The worst of accomplices, while I impelled you to them.

IRWIN,
On his knees.

I come to offer my returning reason; to offer my vows, that, while *that* reason continue, so long will I be penitent for the phrensy which put your life in danger.

LADY ELEANOR,
Moving timidly to her Father, leading Edward by the hand.

I come to offer you this child, this affectionate child; who, in the midst of our caresses, droops his head and pines for your forgiveness.

LORD NORLAND.

Ah! there is a corner of my heart left to receive him. *[Embraces him.]*

EDWARD.

Then, pray, my Lord, suffer the corner to be large enough to hold my mother.

Lord

Lord NORLAND.

My heart is softened, and receives you all. [*Embraces Lady Eleanor, who falls on her knees; he then turns to Harmony*—Mr. Harmony, I thank you, I most sincerely thank you for this, the joyfullest moment of my life. I not only experience release from misery, but return to happiness.

HARMONY

Goes hastily to SOLUS, and leads him to IRWIN; then turns to Mr. and Mrs. Placid.

And now, that I see all you reconciled, I can say, there are not two enemies in the whole circle of my acquaintance, that I have not within these three days made friends.

Sir ROBERT.

Very true, Harmony; for we should never have known half how well we all love one another, if you had not told us.

HARMONY.

And yet, my good friends, notwithstanding the merit you may attribute to me, I have one most tremendous fault; and it weighs so heavy on my conscience, I would confess what it is, but that you might hereafter call my veracity in question.

Sir ROBERT.

My dear Harmony, without a fault, you would not be a proper companion for any of us.

Lord NORLAND.

And while a man like you, may have (among so many virtues) some faults; let us hope there may be found in each of us (among all our faults) some virtues.

Q

HARMONY.

114 EVERY ONE HAS HIS FAULT.

HARMONY.

Yes, my Lord,—and notwithstanding all our faults, it is my sincere wish, that the world may speak well of us—behind our backs.

THE END.



EPI.

EPILOGUE.

By M. P. ANDREWS, Esq.

Spoken by Mrs. MATTOCKS.

“EACH has his fault,” we readily allow,
To this Decree, our dearest friends must bow;
One is too careless, one is too correct,
All, save our own sweet self, have some defect:
And characters to ev’ry virtue dear,
Sink from a hint, or suffer by a sneer.

“Sir Harry Blink! Oh, he’s a worthy man,
“Still anxious to do all the good he can;
“To aid distress, wou’d share his last poor guinea,
“Delights in kindness—but then, what a ninny!”

Lady Doll Primrose says to Lady Sly,
“You know Miss Tidlikins? Yes—looks awry—
“She’s going to be married,—that won’t mend it;—
“They say she’ll have a fortune,—and she’ll spend it.
“I hope your La’aship visits Lady Hearty,
“We meet to-night—a most delightful party—
“I don’t like Dowagers, who *would* be young,
“And ’twixt ourselves they say—She has a tongue”

If such the general blame that all await,
Say, can our Author ’scape the general fate?
Some will dislike the saucy truths she teaches,
Fond bachelors, and wives who wear the breeches.

“Let me be wedded to a handsome youth,”
Cries old Miss Mumblelove, without a tooth.
“These worn-out Beaux, because they’ve heavy purses,
“Expect us, spinsters, to become their nurses.
“To love, and be beloved ’s the happy wife,
“A mutual passion is the charm of life.”

Marriage is Heaven’s best gift, we must believe it,
Yet some with weak ideas can’t conceive it.—
Poor Lady Sobwell’s grief the town wou’d stun;
“Oh, Tiffany! Your mistress is undone.

“Dear

E P I L O G U E.

" Dear Ma'am—I hope my Lord is well—don't cry—
 " Hav'n't I cause ? -- The monster will not die—
 " The reason why I married him, is clear,
 " I fondly thought he cou'd not live a year :
 " But now his dropfy's better, and his cough—
 " Not the least chance for that to take him off.
 " I, that cou'd have young husbands now in plenty,
 " Sha'n't be a widow till I'm one-and-twenty—
 " No lovely weeds—No sweet dishevell'd hair—
 " Oh ! I cou'd cry my eyes out in despair."

Sobbing and crying.

Sir Tristram Testy, worn with age and gout ;
 Within, all spleen, and flannel all without ;
 Roars from his elbow-chair, " Reach me my crutches,
 " Oh ! if Death had my wife within his clutches,
 " With what delight her funeral meats I'd gobble,
 " And tho', not dance upon her grave, I'd hobble ;
 " No longer then, my peace she could unhinge,
 " I shou'd cut capers soon, [*tries to jump, and stumbles*]
 Zounds ! What a twinge !" —

These playful pictures of discordant life,
 We bring to combat discontent and strife,
 And, by the force of contrast, sweetly prove
 The charm that waits on fond and faithful love
 When suited years, and pliant tempers join,
 And the heart glows with energy divine,
 As the lov'd offspring of the happy pair
 Oft climb the knee, the envied kiss to share.

Such joys this happy country long has known,
 Rear'd in the Cot, reflected from the Throne ;
 Oh ! may the glorious zeal, the loyal stand
 Which nobly animate this envied land,
 Secure to every breast, with glad increase,
 The heartfelt blessings of domestic peace !



